THE COMMONWEAL

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THE TIME FOR ACTION

WALTER LIPPMANN'S articles in the New York *Herald Tribune,* published simultaneously in many other newspapers, are of the highest order of social usefulness. This writer possesses a genius for the lucid exposition of economic and political subjects. Exceedingly well informed, he does not rely on mere information, amassed from special reading, as far too many of our swarming "experts" do, for he keeps closely in touch with persons as well as with books and speeches, so that his articles really represent what is going on in the inner circles of high politics. Thinking people who desire, as all must, to understand the main problems of this time of crisis should find what Mr. Lippmann writes one of the indispensable means of enlightenment. We of this paper, of course, would be among the last wholly to trust Mr. Lippmann's conclusions, or his suggested solutions, in many cases, because we distrust his fundamental philosophy: a sort of scientific ethical culture, a noble yet vain type of humanitarianism; which differs radically from our own. Yet his high gift for sound analysis of the elements of many problems is of the greatest value even for those who most strongly disagree with his judgment upon such problems. And from time to time a spirit of insight illuminates his closely reasoned exposition of a particular problem, or situation, in a manner which is most important for those who wish positive action to be taken to lead the world out of its present valley of confusion. For example, in his article of October 16, Mr. Lippmann sets forth a case for courage and determination, even boldness, on the part of President Hoover, which seems to us to apply to the leaders and workers in Catholic Action even more aptly and forcefully than it does to the President.

After setting forth the main problems of international politics in a few hundred words, which clarify their issues more than whole volumes of less lucid writers could do, Mr. Lippmann declares that Mr. Hoover's opportunity for successful leadership has been increased rather than diminished by the series of failures and breakdowns in the handling of public affairs during the last twelve months. Pointing out that the political leaders of the world have for the most part failed because of their uncertainty as to whether the public opinion of their respective nations would or would not support them in this or that particular measure, Mr. Lippmann makes this pregnant judgment upon their situation: "I believe that the current politi-

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cal estimates of public opinion, as to what the people feel about debts, tariffs, the League, international coöperation, are fundamentally false. For these estimates of what cannot be done leave out of account the decisive fact that vast quantities of the old prejudices and ideas have been liquefied by the fires of the crisis. Public opinion was never more mobile, and anything can now be done, with immediate political safety and ultimate popular approval, which is intrinsically worth doing."

We shall leave Mr. Lippmann's splendid call to courageous action to the political leaders for whom it is intended. We believe it to be the soundest of good advice for others than political leaders. Particularly do we think it to be highly pertinent counsel for the leaders of Catholic Action. There is no such thing as a purely political solution of our national or international social crisis. There is no such thing as a purely economic solution. And that fact is at last being glimpsed, if not yet firmly grasped, even by the most narrow-minded politicians, even by the most selfish and limited of the leaders of industry, finance and commerce. The very peril of their own situation is compelling them to recognize the essential unity of their special problems. But what both politicians and capitalists are slower to recognize is the further fact that both political and economic problems are insoluble without reference to moral, ethical and spiritual principles—in one word, the ultimate factor of the world crisis is religious.

But that truth is at last emerging from the awful conspiracy of silence concerning the greatest of all truths which has held the world of high politics and of capitalism under its stupefying influence for so long a time. Religion cannot be separated from practical life. It cannot be kept in a water-tight compartment. "Vast quantities of old prejudices and ideas have been liquefied by the fires of the crisis," as Mr. Lippmann well says, and now the way is open for the Church boldly to advance and to do what through the mouths of its last four Popes it has been saying—namely, to restore all things in Christ; to bring about the peace of the world in the peace of Christ. "Public opinion was never more mobile." Now it can be formed again, after the teachings of Christ; or it may dissolve into utter anarchy and despair. "Anything can now be done . . . which is intrinsically worth doing." Can anything be more worth doing than the one thing that matters most: the seeking after the kingdom of God? Let the Church advance, on the path that leads to that kingdom, and the bewildered multitudes will follow.

As we write, despatches from Rome inform us that Pope Pius has asked the Bishop of Scranton to tell the American bishops who meet next month in Washington that he desires two things: their prayers for the success of Catholic Action, and with their prayers active aid for the workingman, so that he may find justice. Prayer and work. The everlasting motto of the Church. And now we need to apply it as never before.

WEEK BY WEEK

WHAT to do about relief action is proving more and more of a conundrum. Assembled in convention at Vancouver, representatives of the American Federation of Labor gave a majority vote against unemployment insurance. But the nays spoke out with far less assurance than would have been normal even a year ago. The number of union men who have been won over to the insurance idea includes such hard-fisted veterans as Daniel J. Tobin; and of course there is a marked drift that way among the newer people. In leading the opposition, President Green promised to request "millions—billions" of relief money from Congress. The prospect, therefore, is a country committed to no kind of plan, in which all hands available will be at the pumps which supply cash. That is not a very encouraging outlook. Federal appropriations for relief, if given, will be a kind of jam spread over decidedly soggy toast. On the other hand, the mere thought of unemployment insurance leaves one aghast at the amount of engineering which will have to be conjured into being. The federation correctly averred that the dearth of labor consciousness in the United States might render insurance a powerful corporation weapon; and of course if the worker is powerless to use what he gets when he gets it, the act of offering it to him seems a bit useless. But, as we have remarked previously, a stampede for this insurance is as certain as a change in the weather if hard times persist. The question is merely: how can it possibly be organized and made to function with normal efficiency?

Hard Sledding

SPEAKING at Rochester, New York, Father John A. Ryan took the Green exit out of the maze of problems. Holding that "in a country as large as ours, men have a moral right to something more than immunity from starvation," he urged federal relief work in the form of a $5,000,000,000 public works program. He said that private and community expenditures to tide the poor along were forms of the dole, and that what is needed is a supply of jobs, with the federal government in the chief rôle as employment agency. We do not think that Father Ryan is too pessimistic, either about the implications of the aid now being furnished or about the dimensions of the problem. Considerable difference of opinion is possible, however, anent the immediate value of so extensive a program of public works. The actual "employment value" of such operations is relatively small, since both the kind of work done and the time required for its completion militate against hiring large numbers of people fairly continuously. Nor do such endeavors, as a rule, exude any great real return on the amount of capital invested. But the real problem would be the financial effect of such expenditures. Would they not complicate other fiscal problems which must be solved if economic

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solidarity is to be restored throughout the world which affects the United States? We offer these thoughts for consideration, believing as we do that experience is far less flattering to the idea of public works than to the concept of unemployment insurance.

ATTEMPTED raids on the dollar were reported from Paris and elsewhere during the past week, indicating once again how sensitive public confidence has grown to each and every variety of rumor. That the soundest currency on earth should actually have sold in quantities below par, even in eastern Europe, is one of the genuine curiosities of this curious time. Meanwhile the British have been face to face with the real thing. Various economists have argued that if the example of the post-war franc were followed and the pound were allowed to reach its actual level, the eventual result would be entirely satisfactory. There is a very good article on the subject in the current *Nineteenth Century*, by Dr. C. R. S. Harris. He argues that limited depreciation will be beneficial if wage rises do not offset inevitable price rises, and if the budget maintains an even keel. Yet even so the tasks confronting British statesmen are tremendous. They see clearly, for instance, that war debts and reparations are "impediments to world prosperity which must by hook or crook be cleared out of the way"; but the prestige of their own country has been so impaired by financial troubles that the mere thought of taking the initiative must be avoided in London. In all truth the domestic issues—trade union demands, taxation measures, wage curtailments, tariffs—are serious enough. Concerning the last, Dr. Harris is eminently British: "Let us have our tariff by all means if we must; we shall then be free to set about in real earnest to do the other, much more important things which are necessary to set our house in order."

Sterling

DEFEAT at the hands of the existing Reichstag was probably not seriously envisaged by the Bruening government. Nevertheless getting the vote over with and seeing the Wirtschaftspartei definitely committed to the "reconstruction program" for the coming winter was doubtless a great relief. It gives the chancellor a clear field ahead for another season, and Germany a chance to work through hard months without serious political trouble. The emphasis should be placed on this last. Had turmoil and rioting reached the dimensions quite conceivable by anybody who knows the present temper of the Teutonic populace, all mere governing would have been at an end. From this point of view the appointment of General Groener to the Ministry of the Interior was a stroke of genius. This action pledges the Reichswehr to the nation; and the Reichswehr will control Germany. The real test will come with new elections. If Dr. Bruening has not made progress, especially in the matter of international credit and obligations, by spring, the barriers between the Reich and radicalism will tumble. It is this certain fact which dare not be ignored.

All's Still Well in Berlin

IT WAS an awesome picture of modernism that was painted by Dr. Charles H. Mayo at the annual clinical congress of the American College of Surgeons. This epoch which dates back now approximately a century and is identified with the so-called industrial revolution and with a growing secularization which was the natural ultimate protest of generations of Protestants, has been characterized by a feverish pride in its own latest innovations and a contempt for the past and for tradition. It evolved a militant faith in materialism and empirical science. In a few vivid words, Dr. Mayo describes for us the toll: "The world has moved ahead so fast as regards material civilization that man has almost, for the moment, got behind in his power of adaptation. Every other hospital bed in the United States is for mentally afflicted, insane, idiotic, feeble-minded or senile persons. That's worry. It is worry that breaks down the brain, not work as such. The rapid pace leads many to desire to drown their sorrows in drink." What a harvest! And it is no idle alarmist who makes this statement, but one of the most eminent surgeons the United States has produced. Certainly the time is ripe, for any who have brains left, to seek to promulgate a concept of life which will bear better fruits.

Civilization and Insanity

IN BROACHING the possibility of socialized medicine, during the course of his address to the surgeon's congress already referred to, President Angell of Yale spoke of the contingency with a noticeable lack of enthusiasm. Therein he resembles every serious critic of the present unsatisfactory medical situation whose opinion we have examined. For the government to commandeer the whole profession, they agree, need not be a solution, and might be a disaster. But a trial of commandeering, or something like it, they also agree, is bound to take place if the profession itself does not find a way to bridge the discrepancy between what the average family needs in the way of medical care, and what it can afford to pay. In the several discussions of the matter which have appeared in these columns, we have dealt only with the natural factors of that discrepancy: the inevitably mounting cost of increasingly good hospitalization, increasing specialization, increasingly expert diagnosis and treatment. President Angell (in a summary one must admire as straightforward and exhaustive, despite its incidental approval of birth control) includes not only these natural factors, but those other, unideal and personal factors contributed by the human element.

President Angell to the Doctors

"WE KNOW," he says, "that some medical men are ruthless in their charges, making Shylock look like a

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pure philanthropist; that fee-splitting still goes on; that needless operations and probably useless but expensive treatments are ordered by some surgeons and physicians. . . . We know that doctors are by no means as yet unanimously conceiving the health of the community generally as their responsibility. . . . We know that the training of specialists is in many respects grotesque, and that the financial temptation to set up as a specialist, despite the lack of suitable preparation, is to many young men irresistible. . . ." There is hardly any member of the lay public, we may suppose, who has escaped exasperation or bitterness from one or another of the facts thus enumerated. Yet the quality of the major part of the medical profession is such that the utterance of that résumé before that group, one is absolutely confident, will result constructively. Meanwhile, we must remind ourselves that the reform of these abuses, vital as it is, can do no more than diminish the main problem. It cannot solve it. By some method not yet clearly in sight, complete medical care must be brought within easy reach of all. This may conceivably be done as President Angell points out, by "industrial and health insurance," or by "coöperative clinics"; it may, as he reluctantly concedes, have to be brought about by a recourse to "state-controlled medicine."

As to College Teachers

AS ONE of the pioneers and liberalizers in the field of experimental pedagogy, Teachers College of Columbia University commands respectful attention for any of its projects. Yet one feels dubious about its announced purpose of opening a demonstration school for college teachers next fall. How can you teach a college teacher how to teach? You can, and should, train a primary or a secondary teacher in the proper approach to childish minds; that is a matter of laboratory investigation, in which the laws can be pretty exactly formulated—at least in theory. But —unless your "college" is one of the glorified continuation schools which pass under that name—it must surely be recognized that the only kind of college teaching that amounts to anything proceeds on the exactly opposite assumption: that it is addressing, not childish minds, but mature ones. And no one can give an adult a formula for living, telling contact with other adults. As to the assumption itself, it may be no more unreservedly true than other assumptions made about college students: as, that they are now fitted for liberty, that they can balance their own budgets and apportion their own study periods. But if college is to do its work for them, the assumptions must be made, nevertheless. At some point, all people must be treated as though they were grown up, or they never will grow up; and for collegians, that point is fixed by college. Especially and above all does this hold of the college classroom. The teacher is master there, in double virtue of his professional knowledge and his individual, unlearnable approach to others—or there is no master. What colleges need are not more pedagogues with a technique for translating downward, but more men with a passion for their subject. The student whom such a man cannot kindle into reciprocal zeal, belongs somewhere else.

A New Cosmos

THE marvelous achievements that have been made in extending our knowledge of the universe with the aid of extraordinarily ingenious mechanisms, huge telescopes, photographic apparatus, machines that weigh the planets and register the heat of stars, have perhaps momentarily blinded us to the universe all around us, as well as beyond the reach of the farthest seeing telescope, which is insensible to the particular jellies and mechanisms that compose the human eye, or even to photographic lenses and plates. We have long heard of certain rays, said to be of various colors, which scientists have been able to detect, and even to utilize, by the aid of artfully contrived devices. One of the latest stunts of this sort was the taking of excellent photographs of persons in a room that to them was pitch dark. The pictures were made by means of some sort of infra-red rays, or light which is beyond the narrow range of perception of the human eye. Even more impressive is the description by Professor Robert A. Millikan, before a congress of scientists in Rome, of recent discoveries of cosmic rays which are completely changing the ideas on the origins and phenomena of our universe. The notion that this was a compact, dandy little machine consisting of a sun in the center and planets moving serenely around it, was due, he said, for rude jolts. Experiments this summer have proved that the cosmic rays come from a point hundreds of millions of miles beyond the last visible stars, and their energy is equal to, or greater than, all other radiant energies combined, including those of the sun. One cosmic ray alone was asserted by Dr. Millikan to be of 786,000,000 volt electrons. To a pious person, this might seem to be a modest analogy for the Beatific Vision.

Carnegie Show

THOUGH we should like to swell with a little pardonable pride in our native land, or rather its art, as a result of an American's winning first prize at the Carnegie International Exhibition this year, after eight years in which the prize has gone to foreign guests, the consensus of reports on the winning canvas are not exactly conducive to wild enthusiasm. "Suicide in Costume" is the name and subject of the picture. It depicts a clown sprawled across a table, a crimson wound in his head, his face distorted in agony, and a still smoking pistol in his hand. In some quarters, it has been likened to a Daumier, with the general argument that it has none of the power of characterization or satire of Daumier. In point of painting, or execution, it is said to be good, sound work, but in no way startling or exceptional. The artist,

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Franklin C. Watkins, is a young Philadelphian, a product of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Of course we congratulate the young artist and hope that his career will be as distinguished as that of the last American before him to win the Carnegie award, Arthur B. Davies. We among others, however, have been crying for the development of an American art, and there seems little construable as distinguishedly American about "Suicide in Costume." This does not mean that we want endless pictures of American plains, Niagara Falls, the Golden Gate, New York skyscrapers and American faces; but where we are not given native subjects, we wish there could be a quality in the execution that we could claim was sprung somehow subtly from the American soil and the American air.

Cats

THE recent meeting of the International Cat Society at the Biltmore Hotel in New York, was anything but a tame affair. This society, be it understood, is for the destruction, not the propagation, of cats. Naturally cat lovers, who as a type are known to be ardent, were there to protest. The meeting opened with statistics divulging that there are 120,000,000 cats in the United States and 7,000,000 in New York, of which numbers, it was said, 65 percent are strays. Each cat, said Mr. J. M. Loughborough, secretary of the society, eats fifty birds a year; insect pests and cats are increasing and birds are dying out, and this is accountable for an annual loss to farmers and garden lovers of $150,000,000. Thereupon Mr. George D. Pratt, former Conservation Commissioner of New York State, rose to deliver the principal address of the evening in indorsement of a proposal that cats should be licensed as dogs are now required to be licensed, so that a movement could be started to destroy stray cats. The wrath of the cat lovers broke over the assertion of the former Commissioner that cats often carried disease. "How about men with beards?" cried a woman, and others catcalled, heckled and shouted from the audience. The New York *Herald Tribune* reports that "it was a tall man in the corner who had the last word. 'If any of you here tonight catch a mortal disease it will be my fault, for I kissed my two cats before I came here,' he said. 'I kissed them and told them I was going out to fight for them. I would rather kiss them than the people in this room.' "

Excerpt from Wodehouse

IT SEEMS to us that (in common with some of our own circus performers in politics) England's Sir Oswald Mosley is not apreciated in these parlous times for what he is really worth. Born entertainers are rare in any walk of life, and should be especially esteemed in periods of general wo when a good ventral guffaw may help to save one's sanity. Sir Oswald has always been a gorgeously rococo personality, compensating for his non-accomplishment of anything whatever during a feverishly active political career, by bursting out of news stories almost in person, with a sort of electric futility. Lately, as everyone knows, he left the Labor party flat and founded something that he liked better. The tale of his attempt the other day to make an electioneering speech on his new platform, even as transmitted by that sobering medium the cable, reads exactly like an incident out of P. G. Wodehouse. A crowd of 15,000 gathered, and just as Sir Oswald got under way, someone spiked his loud speaker. The 15,000 began to boo. Thereupon Sir Oswald's "stewards"—a body of young huskies by whom he is usually accompanied—"began to descend rather ostentatiously from the platform." Chief among these Galahads ranks Kid Lewis, none other than the former welterweight champion of the world. Need one say what happened when an angry crowd spoiling for a fight saw a fight coming toward it led by a professional fighter? Need one dwell on the distressed gentry scrambling out of the front seats, the police cordon swept away, the rails broken down, the fists in cheeks and teeth in ears, the chairs torn up as weapons? Let us merely quote as a clincher, the matchless climactic sentence: "Sir Oswald himself received a light blow from a flying chair."

PLUNDERERS' RULE

WHILE we here do not agree with Mr. Norman Thomas, New York's Socialist leader, on a variety of matters, we cheerfully endorse the attack he has launched against public indifference to social and civic welfare. It is, as he says, entirely true that improvement cannot be expected while the citizen takes constant doses of intellectual and moral morphine to keep him from thinking. And there is still another point. Mr. Thomas says: "The great masses, deprived of Socialist hope and vision, with hearts filled with cynicism and despair, docilely vote for those who rob them in the hope that the robbers may throw them a few bones." We do not feel sure that the source of the trouble is a lack of "Socialist hope and vision." But it is true enough that unless the supporters of the traditional outlook can muster an army on their side soon, events may carry us closer to a popular Socialist movement than we have been in some time.

Most Americans still fail to realize the extent to which their civilization had grown automatic during the post-war decade, or to see that this automatic mechanism has now ceased to function. We lived under the beneficent influence of an economic pulmotor which fed credit pressure as steadily as this was needed, so that jobs and dividends came to all who held out their hands. What was more natural than complete satisfaction with the device, and bounteous admiration for the men—the captains of industry—who operated it? It was tacitly assumed (and openly stated) that government existed primarily to accomplish what the pulmotor wanted—to see to it that America remained

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appropriately isolated from such foreign events or conditions as might lessen efficient pumping, and to maintain conflicting moral impulses in the balance necessary to keep them from doing harm. The public knowingly and willingly turned over its normal social functions to those who were regulating its economic existence. Never before in history had political alignments grown so stamped and standardized. The vote almost anywhere could be predicted with unerring certainty.

All this is probably understandable enough, but the assumptions on which it rests are out of date. Now that the pulmotor has ceased to operate, what will be the attitude of those whom its unexpected breakdown has injured? To date, the average man's point of view has been one of surprised patience. Millions are still rubbing their eyes, unwilling to believe that if winter comes spring can be far behind. This is, under the circumstances, a decided social boon. Yet, with no wish to be unduly pessimistic, we do not expect to witness the resuscitation of the pulmotor and we think there is lots of troubled economic weather in the offing. And we wonder what the state of mind of the millions is going to be when their patience has been exhausted. In all probability what has to date been unparalleled apathy will turn into incomparable resentment. Oratory may clamor for fairly radical support and get it. Of course the United States will not turn Communistic; but projects far more hair-raising than a new soldiers' bonus may be on the political menu.

Notice, for instance, the current attitude toward unemployment insurance. If you read the prosperous magazines, your eye will find on the editorial page of each and every one of them what amounts to a prayer against social insurance. This is termed a sure road to fiscal catastrophe, and a dependable means for pushing the American worker from the perch he has occupied to date. It matters little that social insurance is really neither of these things—that it is, as a matter of fact, quite as logical and under given circumstances at least as desirable as any other kind of insurance, including that which Mr. Coolidge has recently advertised. What is important is that social insurance, when inaugurated, be handled with the requisite efficiency and honesty. And our danger is this: if the millions of unemployed should demand such a system and manage to secure what they want, the administrative personnel needed would be both hard to find and hard to trust. As much can be said regarding any social reform thinkable in contemporary America. Years of moral and civic indifference, during which the picture outlined by Mr. Thomas has been only too real, have left us as a nation totally unprepared for hard governmental work.

In all probability no greater task confronts the country's intelligence than the duty of providing trained and dependable men for government offices, and of seeing that as many of these as possible actually get appointments. If what is termed the "bureaucracy" were actually supervised by the public opinion which now hinges on the universities—if earnest attempts were made to render "Civil Service" a comprehensive as well as reassuring term—we might secure a government at least relatively adequate to the tasks which will sooner or later be placed on it. How to take a step in that direction is not so difficult as is often supposed. It means, first of all, a measure of practical action by the universities. Like so many other American cultural agencies, these have been far too prone to indulge in good advice and to suppose that anything beyond that would be indecorous. The training in public service has been purely theoretical, assuming that the student should be prepared to vote intelligently and to emerge as a "leader" in his community. Why not educate for the work of government, and then stand behind properly equipped men with an organization almost any ten of the leading educators could effect? Why not speak out the glaring truth—that the time has come to oust the chair-warmers from ten thousand offices, domestic and foreign, and to replace them with men who know what they are about?

Public opinion, in President Lowell's fine old synthesis, is not of the present era. If it awakes it will not be able to function, and as long as it sleeps there is no use talking about its potential strength. For this and other reasons all discussion of a third party—or of fourth and fifth parties—is relatively futile. Of course it may be that some such groups will get themselves organized (the emergence of a Socialist party would be an instance); but even if we had a political scenery as piebald as that which now characterizes Germany we should need, even more than now, the solid and reliable public servant. Possibly the true underlying significance of the drift away from democracy in contemporary Europe lies right here—the point is not Fascism, or something approximating to it, but rather the decision to shunt out of important positions the merely "elected." Of course we in America will not go as far in this direction as Europe has gone, unless some necessity not realizable now whips us on. But the time is obviously right for a start.

The intelligent man will not be attracted to politics in any large measure on the present basis, even if rumor has it that General Summerall and even General Pershing are being approached by groups wanting honest state government. He knows that the voting booths do not decide in favor of the intelligent man (though they sometimes elect one) but in favor of one or the other "system" to which said man is merely an appendage. We do hold, however, that competent persons would gladly enter the public service under the right conditions. Indeed, they must enter that service if we are to bear up even relatively well under a stampede which may carry us pretty far to leeward. Anyhow the point is this: we have the greatest admiration for men like President Nicholas Murray Butler. Is it not conceivable that they might have something to say on this subject, rather than on the Republican party, or the Democratic party, or a conceivable third party?

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TOO MANY BREADLINES

By LOUIS ADAMIC

The methods to be employed in effecting poor relief are especially problematical in the United States, owing to comparative lack of experience with the problem. In the following article an observer who has long since made a practice of such phenomena arrives at the conclusion that maintaining the breadlines is a "booming industry" which appeals especially to professional "unemployables." We are publishing what Mr. Adamic has to say not because we are opposed to any form of charity but because we believe that experience must suggest a better relief formula than the nation has as yet developed.—The Editors.

AN UNFORTUNATE phase of last winter's unemployment relief in the United States was the breadlines—too many breadlines—and, unless prevented in time, the same is likely to occur again next winter, when jobless relief is bound to develop into a booming industry the country over.

I am familiar only with the breadline situation in New York, but I think that what is true of New York applies, more or less, to other great centers. At any rate New York's breadline problem last year offers a valuable lesson to relief directors in all large cities this year.

According to the Welfare Council of New York City, early in January, 1931, there were eighty-two breadlines in the city, serving at an average of 85,000 meals a day. These breadlines were operated by churches, hospitals, the Salvation Army and other rescue missions and societies, the Seamen's Institute, veterans' organizations, fraternal and religious orders, convents, the Y.M.C.A., Tammany Hall, newspapers, private individuals and groups of people specially banded together for the purpose, and, of course, racketeers. One line was operated by the City of New York in connection with the Municipal Lodging House which, in mid-winter, served an average of 12,000 meals a day. The Salvation Army breadlines in Manhattan, the Bronx and Brooklyn—over a dozen in number—averaged more than 15,000 meals a day. The others were small lines, some of them serving less than a hundred meals daily. Most of them put out meager "feeds": bread, soup and coffee; stew and bread; cheese or meat sandwiches and coffee; beans, bread and coffee; oatmeal, bread and coffee (for breakfast), or rolls and coffee. At some places dimes or nickels were given out.

Late in the fall and early in the winter there was no coördination whatever in the New York breadlines. A new line was started almost every day—as a rule, a hastily organized affair of the poorest makeshift. The Salvation Army was a sort of pioneer in the field, but, according to one of its officers, it soon found itself "rubbing shoulders with many other organizations and individuals operating breadlines."

Weeks before the winter began in earnest, there was in New York an overabundance of feeding places for what the social workers term the "destitute homeless," while to quote from a report of the Welfare Council's Coördinating Committee on Unemployment, of which Alfred E. Smith was chairman, "there was much silent suffering of an acute nature on the part of the hitherto self-supporting young girls and older single women alone in New York, 'white collar' workers, as well as among families not reached by any social agency." Most of the breadlines were out of doors; many of them on busy thoroughfares. The men were not only required, before being served to stand in line in the open for long periods of time in all kinds of weather, but to eat outside, in view of passers-by.

A confidential investigation made last December for one of the breadline sponsors revealed that "some needy and worthy individuals" were being served by breadlines. They were men who never before had been dependent and were not in breadlines by choice, but who lacked experience and probably the courage and initiative to arrive at a better solution of their plight. However, the general sympathy extended to these was capitalized by large numbers of men who never had a job to lose and probably would not have taken one had it been possible to provide it for them. They were the "unemployables," to whom the economic depression brought on a season of veritable prosperity. Some of them did nothing all day but go from breadline to breadline, eating as many as ten or twelve meals a day. People who made a careful study of the situation were unanimous in their belief that "never before was the Bowery such a free-for-all happy hunting ground for bums and professional hobos as in these sad months of depression."

And this was true not only of the Bowery, where rival lines situated on opposite sides of the same block often met end to end. In certain other sections of New York—and this, I am informed, was true also of Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit, and other great cities with breadline booms—one could not walk five blocks without coming upon a breadline. There were dozens of breadlines on the East Side, and in Harlem, the Bronx and Brooklyn. There was even a line at each end of the Great White Way—one at Times Square and the other at Columbus Circle.

Professional racketeers took advantage of the much publicized unemployment conditions by starting breadlines and soup kitchens on prominent streets, usually near some high-class apartment-house district. They served scant meals to a few hundred men a day—most of them bums and hobos—the while collecting big sums of money from philanthropic emotionalists and persons eager to see their names on the sign over the entrance to the kitchen. At one time there were as many as a dozen of these breadlines in New York, some of them running only for a few days, just long enough for the

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racketeers to collect everything in sight—although, of course, a majority of the lines were conducted and supported by fairly well-intentioned, if misguided, persons and institutions. One of the racketeer-sponsors of a breadline said to the workers of the Welfare Council when they called at his place on a mission of inquiry: "Sure this is a racket!" He laughed. "Youse guys ain't workin' for your health, are you?"

But, to my notion, worse than any racketeer breadline were the two lines, already mentioned, at Times Square and Columbus Circle. They were operated by a newspaper, between eight o'clock in the evening and midnight, serving ham and cheese sandwiches from huge army trucks.

I often watched the breadline at Times Square. The wretched men, many without overcoats or decent shoes, usually began to line up soon after six o'clock—in good weather or bad, rain or snow. The big truck accompanied by a screeching motor cycle police escort which made all Broadway pause and look, usually came on the spot long before eight o'clock. There were large signs on the truck informing the public that the food was provided by the munificence of this newspaper.

As a rule the men in charge did not begin to distribute the sandwiches till half past eight, and sometimes later. They worked very slowly; to all seeming, deliberately stretching out the serving and keeping the men in cold rain or snow or wind, their wretchedness exposed to the gaze of the theatre crowds. Thus they advertised the high-mindedness and generosity of one paper directly in front of the building which houses the main offices of another. They fed on an average of only 960 men an evening; and part, if not most, of the expenses—about $600 a day—were contributed by the readers of the newspaper. In fairness to the owner of the paper, it must be added that these two breadlines were not his idea, but that of one of his executives.

Early in February the Welfare Council's Coördinating Committee on Unemployment induced several of the sponsors of breadlines to close their kitchens, and the Salvation Army closed some of them on their own accord, until the number of lines was reduced from eighty-two to fifty-four. But in all probability even these were far too many.

I want to emphasize that many of the breadlines in New York, as well as in other large cities, were necessary, and I wish to repeat that not a few were run by individuals and organizations of high motives, although perhaps only two or three were operated in a manner beyond criticism. But on the whole, breadlines did more—much more—harm than good to the unemployed. By unemployed I mean people who are without work through no fault of their own, because of great economic forces and local circumstances over which they have no control, as distinguished from the chronically destitute and homeless men, the bums and hobos, who refuse to work or are utterly unemployable.

Perhaps 90 percent of the breadline customers last year were men of the latter category. The other 10 percent were for the most part single migratory workers of the lowest class, mainly foreigners. Very few of them were of the skilled type of workers, or family men. This last class of men, who lost their jobs because of the slump, did not go into the breadlines even after their savings were gone. (And this will be true next winter, too.) They were too proud. They had lived independently, on their own resources for ten or twenty years; now they would be ashamed or mortified to be seen in an outdoor breadline. In preference, many of them suffered extreme want and let their families suffer with them. Some of them committed suicide. Not a few of them appealed to charity or family-aid societies, but—

And here we come upon the chief evil that the overabundance of breadlines caused last winter.

As the winter wore on, most family-aid organizations in New York—and elsewhere—began to receive more calls for help than ever before. Many of them were fresh cases, and all were unusually acute. And these societies were experiencing increasing difficulties in getting money to take care of their growing number of cases. The reason for this is not necessarily that the rich last year were less charitable than in the past. I think at least part of the reason must be sought in the breadline situation.

When winter started in earnest, many of the wealthy already were contributing regularly to the maintenance of one or more breadlines. Others, seeing new breadlines frequently formed, and reading about them in the newspapers, believed that, with all this food being handed out, the needy were receiving immediate relief. Thereupon they packed up and went to Florida or the South of France.

Last January I happened to overhear a shrill-voiced lady who did not go south say to her friend between acts in a theatre: "My dear, it's an outrage the way this so-called unemployment situation is being played up in the newspapers, isn't it? I get appeals for charity in every mail. So-called public welfare organizations call me on the telephone, asking me for donations. But you won't catch me giving them anything! . . . You don't know what is going on in these breadlines. Well, I'll tell you what Mrs. Carter told me. She said that someone told her that the men in the breadlines were overfed. Mind you, overfed! They go from place to place and eat till they get ill." The lady, of course, did not know that most of the breadline customers were not the unemployed. She did not know that they were too proud to line up for a bowl of soup, a slice of bread, or a nickel, and yet desperately in need of the help that, with sufficient money, family-aid and other social welfare societies could give them.

In February another wealthy woman refusing to contribute to the Prosser Committee for Emergency Unemployment Relief in New York, said to one of its representatives: "Frankly, I think that the suffering of the unemployed is greatly exaggerated both by the newspapers and you people who come around collect-

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ing money. I am reliably informed, sir, that during the Christmas week whole families—man, wife and two or three children—lined up in front of free food stations run by various emergency organizations where large baskets of food were being given away; and then, after each of them got a basket, they went around the block and drove off in their own automobiles or in taxicabs!" The lady spoke in an angry tone of voice. Naturally enough. Many Christmas food-basket lines were operated in the same fashion as the breadlines, by emotional, publicity-hungry people or by groups or organizations which expected to get more out of the distribution of baskets than the food cost them. At some of the food stations baskets were handed out to all comers amid the clicking of newspaper cameras. Other stations were operated during the Christmas week by Tammany Hall politicians and policemen who allowed their friends to "get in on" the baskets. These were not all the destitute unemployed. The lady did not know that the Prosser Committee, which was raising money to create emergency jobs and wages for unemployed heads of families, offered perhaps a better solution of their immediate problem than anyone else.

Unless the communities take steps to prevent it, the winter unemployment relief will again develop into a booming, uncontrollable industry operated not only by reputable and well-meaning persons and organizations, but by racketeers and publicity-seekers. Communities should centralize and control relief work as much as possible by putting it in charge of social-minded people —experienced social workers. Wealthy persons should be encouraged to make donations to reputable, established welfare societies and to publicly organized and officially recognized emergency committees only. Fly-by-night charity and relief racketeering should be ruthlessly stamped out. Direct charity should be kept down to the necessary minimum. There should be only as many breadlines as needed. For able-bodied men and women, too proud to live on charity, the communities should create emergency jobs and wages.

WHITHER CANADIAN LITERATURE?

By W. McRAE FAWCETT

CANADIANS are asking themselves: "Whither Canadian literature?" and they are making no effort to arm for satirical replies. There was a time when they would have armed, or should have armed, for Canadian literature, if it was fortunate enough to be conceded existence at all, had to be a feeble affair, incapable either of propelling itself or of being propelled. Thus, there were extant the works of Archibald Lampman, Bliss Carmen, Charles G. D. Roberts, and Duncan Campbell Scott, first-class works in their way, but poetry, and therefore quite unequal to the task of supplying the versatility generally demanded by concepts of the word, literature.

The situation, then, is unique. No longer do Canadians regard as questionable the existence of a literature of their own. They regard it as a fact. They regard it as an axiom, even, for on it they have set an otherwise unstable question, the question of whether the said literature is advancing in the right direction.

One very evident manifestation of this assumptive attitude was the imposition of a tariff on foreign periodicals. It was pointed out at the time of its proposition that this tariff was designed to help Canadian literature and, though those who doubted the veracity of the statement could have variously contended, and adduced statistics to support the contentions, that it was designed to appease nationalistic sentiment, literary animosity, or even the conviction that new humanism should be advocated, it has since become evident, or almost evident, that the statement was true. Certainly it is standing compatible with the results that have been coming to notice since September 1, 1931, when the tax went into effect.

This, of course, does not imply that there has existed, at any time, in the dominion a grand determination to cart national literature in the desired direction. It was very probably a consummation devoutly wished, but it was also one that was realized to be impossible unless certain positive measures were taken. In the book field, for instance, United States works of fiction, biography, history and criticism enjoyed what was practically an absolute monopoly. In those rare instances when a book was handled by a Canadian publisher, it was handled by him as an agent for an English or United States firm. Only Graphic Publishers Limited was daring enough to try to exist solely on Canadian material, and it was possibly partly moved by philanthropical considerations.

In the magazine field, the same situation extended itself. United States publications outnumbered Canadian in every category from as much as fifty to one to five to one. The only all-fiction magazine that Canada ever attempted, *Canadian Stories,* died a six-months-old infant, while other magazines with more varied appeal like *Willison's Monthly,* the *Canadian Nation, Goblin* and the *Canadian Mercury,* had to succumb under the difficult going. Even in regard to circulation, United States magazines were the leaders. The *Saturday Evening Post* had a dominion circulation of 130,000 copies, the *Ladies Home Journal* one of 125,000 copies, but the best Canada's oldest magazine, the *Canadian Magazine,* could do was to reach 70,000.

This was not because Canadian literature was at fault or because United States literature was to blame. It was principally because the two competed unfairly. There was a conspiracy of circumstances by which

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Canadian publishers were subjected to what was admittedly an unfair operating cost. The machinery units, the paper, and so forth, which were required and which had to be purchased in the United States since they were unavailable in Canada, were obtainable only after heavy duties were paid. Paper, though it might originally come from Canadian forests, could leave the dominion in its crude state and come back in its refined state more economically than it could remain and go through the same process at home. The trouble was that an import tax prevented anyone who would from taking advantage of the fact. When it attempted to return to its native land, paper was promptly confronted with a 30 percent levy, unless it attempted to return in the physical appearance of a foreign magazine in which instance there was a conspicuous exception.

So, in the belief that there existed a national literature, and in the hope that that literature would advance in the proper direction, the Canadian magazine tariff was erected. It applied a duty, designed to be prohibitive, of $.15 per pound to magazines considered salacious or otherwise undesirable, one of $.05 per copy to magazines devoting more than 30 percent of total space to advertising matter, and one of $.02 per copy to magazines devoting less than 30 but more than 20 percent of total space to advertising matter. Magazines not falling in these catagories and certain others excepted from them, by reason of being religious, fraternal, educational or non-mercenary, were exempt from all duty.

In view of these provisions, then, is the legislation acting, or will it act, in the manner it was designed to act? The question is answered with difficulty, but there are some effects that can be noted.

First, the legislation seems to be curtailing the flow of Canadian money ordinarily attracted by foreign advertisements in foreign magazines. Some of the benefits that might be accruing from this may not be very positive. Certainly they are not very apparent, for not only is it hard to say just what portion of the money that has ordinarily been attracted to foreign markets under the old régime is ceasing to be attracted under the new, but it is harder still to determine whether Canadian literature is benefiting at all by the fact and to what extent. If a worth-while sum is involved, it is possible that a part, or even a large part, is turning, in its idleness, to advertisers in Canadian magazines. This could be tending to strengthen these magazines, though probably in an indefinite way.

Other suggestions of a more or less obvious character can be made, however, and one or two of them perhaps merit consideration. The first is that the legislation, in tending to diminish the circulation of foreign magazines, is tending to diminish the promotional advertising of foreign book publishers. If this is true, it is conceivable that it is enabling Canadian books to compete with foreign books—which, in this instance, is another way of saying United States books—on a slightly more favorable basis. Less regard is possibly being had for authorial reputation, foreign circulation, book-club recommendation, sensational format and so forth. It might also be offered that the legislation is discouraging subscribing to book clubs. This would appeal to Canadian writers because there are from five thousand to ten thousand Canadians who are fully paid-up members of United States book clubs. Being released from their club obligations, they would constitute a most welcome influx to Canada's meager list of potential buyers of books.

Secondly, the legislation seems to be placing Canadian publishers in a fairer position to compete with foreign publishers. The benefits from this appear the most real. The plight of Canadian publishers has been such that even the most trivial remedial measure would have been sure to have offered some help. The cost of publishing in Canada needed to be balanced with the cost of publishing in other countries, especially the United States, and the present government legislation is probably achieving this end, though it is acting negatively. It is not removing the duties that appear to have so militated against Canadian magazines; it is extending them to include foreign magazines and, in so doing, is removing their hostile quality. The particular group especially benefiting seem to be the Canadian general magazines. They seem to be profiting from the $.05 a copy impost, though not a few magazines affected by the impost are printing in Toronto.

Finally, the legislation may be providing greater opportunities for the expression of Canadian talent. Enforcement, inasmuch as it might be promoting the expansion of already existing magazines and stimulating the appearance of others, many of the latter to take the place of those magazines finding the $.15 a pound clause prohibitive, might be meaning a solicitation and employment of more work of Canadian writers.

This proposition may be legitimate, or it may not, but it has to admit inability to disestablish the possibility of two things. First, if their Canadian circulations are diminishing, it is easy to think of United States editors feeling disinclined to accept the offerings of Canadian writers. Secondly, publishers of those magazines that are very adversely affected might decide to print in Toronto. Indeed, some twenty-five or thirty have already done this. Finding no enactment to proscribe it, they imported their printing plates, and may be retaining a good part of their Canadian circulation, though at a slightly increased operating cost.

Summing up, then, one may conclude that, though there is little evidence to show that Canadian literature is taking the path to improvement, there is evidence to show that it could be taking this path and that, if it is not doing so, certainly the Canadian magazine legislation is not to blame. The latter was designed to provide a conducive atmosphere, such as is generally provided for the literatures of other countries but which in the case of Canada was unnaturally lacking. It has probably done that much.

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BERLIN IS LIKE THIS

By LOUIS GOLDING

BERLIN. What is Berlin like? To me, at any rate, like this. . . .

Do you know the small volcano of Solfatara not far from Naples? They let you walk on the crater there. The crust wobbles a little as you move. There are chinks and holes in the crust, out of which yellow gases whistle. You can hear the lava below slapping and flopping, like dolphins in hell. This is the region where, as the ancients insisted, you can shoot down to hell at any moment without formality. These are the Phlegraean fields where the facile descent to Avernus was.

I think the garden-gate to hell has been moved since then. I once thought the way in was through the door of a speakeasy in the South Thirties in Chicago. Another time it seemed to me hell was just on the inside of the embossed-gold panels of a certain millionaire's study in Park Avenue.

But I know better now. The way in is through any one of a thousand doors in Berlin: glass doors, aluminium doors, up-to-date doors on the Kurfurstendamm; worm-eaten doors, cheap pinewood doors, in Berlin North, Berlin Southeast. This way to hell, gentlemen!

Oh no. I don't mean that those doors merely lead to resorts of shoddy or glittering depravity. I don't think hell is like that, or there might be a slump in reserved seats for heaven. It's the despair those doors open on, and the boredom and the sullen fury. In Berlin, as at Solfatara, one walks on the quaking floor of a crater. The Berlin crust might be gilded. The nostrils might be full of the odors of baked meats and rich beer. But now and again the stink of sulphur thrusts up from the crevices. You hear the thump of lava under your feet.

It happened one night, for instance, in a very decorous cinema house in Charlottenburg. The first film was a rather dull social comedy. Everybody looked on with the strained interest of fashionable intellectuals in a Fifth Avenue drawing-room, when a clergyman excavator starts translating the last lot of seal-bricks unearthed in Ur of the Chaldees.

Then the film called "Turksib" was put on, lately imported from the Soviet. The film has for subject the building of a railway between Turkestan and Siberia. There is not the slightest effort to conceal its propaganda intentions. We are made to see what infinite tracks of steppe and desert, against what enormous odds, are being subjugated by the benevolent and practical idealism of the Soviet engineers. I make no comment on the truth or falsity of the picture. I can only insist that as pure cinema, "Turksib" is perhaps unsurpassed. It is accompanied by music even more formidable than the music which accompanied "Potemkin" and was specifically banned by the authorities in several European cities (even when the film itself was permitted in its entirety) on the ground that as propaganda it was ruinous and irresistible.

And so, in that movie house in Charlottenburg, you saw and heard the pistons clanking, the wheels rolling and roaring, in a more and more titanic cresendo. And in not more than ten minutes it was as if the skin had been flayed off the bodies of all those polite ones that sat there. Enemy shrieked defiance against enemy across the black chasm which has riven Germany apart from roots to branches. There were blows. A knife flashed. Sharp and sour in the nostrils spurted the sulphurous gases.

I saw the same specter rear its twin heads again and again, now in a workingman's beer-hall over a plate of cheap sausages, now in the foyer of the State Opera over a dish of lobster mayonnaise. In the kitchen beyond a consular tea-table, in the sacristry chapel, the noise of it was unescapable, the heaving and slapping of the lava in its cauldron.

I have heard it said on distinguished authority that Berlin is the New York of Europe. It seems to me that no two cities on this globe are more antithetical. Of course, music and drama and architecture are brilliant in both cities and speculation on the Stock Exchange riotous and men are so rich that their veins run liquid gold and men are so poor they can't afford to breathe.

And yet it seems to me New York is safe, however high its lean palaces thrust into cloudy distance. Its steel roots are clamped round the unbudging rock of its foundation. Berlin is unsafe, though all its building is in squat horizontals. The lava below thuds and thumps.

This isn't the place to speculate why there's such a sense of dismay in Berlin, despite the vats of beer you may bathe in at the Neue Welt and the rivers of Schaumwein you may float on at Haus Vaterland. I mean that I'm so held in thrall by the spectacle of the city as it now is, that I don't want to waste time about theories of the has-been and is-to-be. But I can't help wondering if the sense of sterility isn't akin to the sense you feel in Madrid and Leningrad and Washington, D. C., and Canberra. For all these cities are not organic, they did not spring out of their soil as a tree does, as London and New York did. They are all synthetic cities, imposed from without at the dictates of political expediency. Leningrad is already a moribund city, with the fierce pulses of the Soviet drumming in the wrists and temples of Moscow. Madrid, too, is a sick place. Washington is polite enough and spacious enough, but is there not more crude and fecund vitality in one back street of Pittsburgh than in all its colonnades? As for

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Canberra, the capital of Australia, wo upon that city which must needs offer prizes to the best architect who shall provide plans for its building! Not so grew Athens nor Paris nor Peking.

There would have been a Berlin, of course, without a Great Elector and without a Franco-Prussian War. The east-to-west lie of the morainic hills (say the geologists) decreed a city of some sort in this place, but not a Brandenburg Tor, not a Siegers-Allee. So perhaps it is not necessary to dig down to such fundamentals in the effort to account for the Berlin wo. It seems to me that Berlin has recovered less than any city in Germany from the fantasy and nightmare of the inflation period, though the paper mark now seems as rigid as a steel plate. Time after time in these 1930 weeks, with a swift blink of the eyes I could convince myself I was treading pavements of 1922. There was the same wildness in the eyes, the same almost involuntary rush to spend money anyhow, anywhere, as if tomorrow either one would not be there to spend it or it would be no more worth spending than potato-peel. There was the same creak in the air of big concerns tottering into bankruptcy, the same embarrassment of learning from your breakfast newspaper that the theatre-manager, architect, journalist, you had dined with two nights ago had blown his brains out last night.

I mentioned the comparisons that have been drawn between Berlin and New York. It is obvious that there is a Berlin which has been New-Yorkized, the Berlin of cafeterias and cocktails and night-clubs. That is the city of most infelicity, haggard and sinister beyond the saxophones the jazz-bands manipulate with little skill and the lips the cocottes paint with less. There is another Berlin, a rather naive city, the city it might have been but for the political ambitions of the electors and emperors, a stodgier Lubeck, a less charming Frieburg im Breisgau.

It is the city of Herr Fischer, bless his heart, who lives in the arcade between the Friedrichstrasse and Unter den Linden. *Hof-Portrait-Maler,* is he, *von zahlreichen Hofen.* And he keeps a Golden Book in his Kaiseraal. And how many royalties has he not painted? And he won't have any truck, not he, with naughty M. Picasso! For he alone, of all artists now living, holds with Goethe: "Kunst und Natur sei Eines nur." The city it is of many an old Berliner *Kneipe,* where the late imperial ones hang on the wall and respectful waiters bring round to the platoons of stout business men, the ceaseless rounds of Pilsener and Schnapps. And they drink and drink, and their backs grow stiffer and stiffer. Only their eyes grow a little rheumy. And suddenly, though no man has suggested it, they break forth into a sudden paralyzing tenor sweetness: "Drei Lilien, drei Lilien, die pflanzt man auf mein Grab." And they wipe a tear away, and another round of Pilsener and Schnapps appears.

But the city I am speaking of, this immitigably German city, is not the citadel of any class or profession. The seamstresses and insurance agents who dance at the Resi-Casino and devilishly telephone each other from distant tables and address pneumatic messages to each other, they are also citizens of that city, even though a faint far refluence from the Great White Way shines from revolving crystal chandeliers. And those others also are its citizens, the bescarfed workmen and their blonde maidens who dance at the weekly Bockbierfest at the Neue Welt, far on the southeastern fringes. It is not jazz they dance to. Mr. Gershwin means no more to them than Amenhotep. From concave vaults vast as St. Peter's hang down orchards of paper cherry and apple blossoms, enough to carpet all Wisconsin. So many sausages are devoured that some German Ariel might make a threefold belt round the world with them. And the battleships of three navies might float on those flood-tides of black beer.

Yet you will not drink for long nor dance for long, in either Berlin, but your ears will discern that tumult under the tumult, and the eyes of the dancers and drinkers about you, that had seemed so carefree, will darken suddenly, as if the Gorgon's head had looked on them over your shoulder.

When my mind reverts to those strange days and strange nights, I would rather remember something more and less than human. Yes, it is that tiger cub I saw at the Zoologische Garten, two or three months old. The mother of the cub shares the same cage. The tiger-cub lies on his back, playing with a chunk of horse-ribs. He balances it, he throws it about, pretending it is alive and escaping from him. He places his paw by mistake into his trough of milk and shakes it distastefully and washes it clean with his rough tongue. He nibbles at his mother's tail and ears. She grins, showing her teeth. He jumps away from her, like leaping water or a sapling after the wind releases it.

Yes, I would rather have that tiger-cub springing about in my brain, when I think back toward Berlin. It is hard to know why. Or perhaps it is not so hard.

The Foolish Sentry

Night and the stars have come to town.
The wind walks up; the wind walks down,
Beneath by window, beside my door.
The wind knows not what the night is for.

He frights off sleep, the comforter;
He fights off sleep, the ravisher;
He lets no ghost of a dream pass by.
What though I wait for sleep, the spy

To bring me word of oblivion,
The wind will watch till his watch is done!
Never shall I consort with sleep
While he has the ward of my gate to keep.

Sentry, why do you stalk my door?
Waking is not what the night is for.
Fool, let my gate ungarded be
That sleep, the blessed, may come to me.

SISTER M. MADELEVA.

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HOW TO HELP AMERICAN MUSIC

By ALLAN LINCOLN LANGLEY

LAMENTABLY absent from the bulk of our current musical criticism is the will to probe causes and effects. Disputants on the subject of American music maintain a rigorously detached attitude, if only because that music has not so far succeeded as a whole in commanding the necessary familiarity to establish valid canons of judgment. Criticism of American music is mainly disjointed and opportunistic. Its disapprovals are often ill-considered and inconclusive; its praise predominantly late and more than occasionally fulsome. The press publicity thus accorded contemporary composers is more in the nature of advertising than critical significance. That all this constitutes a great handicap to both the general critical appraisal and the particular orchestral use of American music, I make bold to state is a definite fact.

Outside of the necessarily narrow circle of professional musicians, with whom but a negligible number of the concert-going public commonly are in contact, there is, among this public, little organized opinion on any musical matter that has undergone the test of thorough argument or scientifically logical discussion. The time-worn subterfuge of "chacun à son goût" still remains the last court of appeal in most comparative comment. And American music, being but a small part of the world music-scene, suffers in proportion. The establishment of certain scholarships and prizes have recently produced a greater activity, but it has not been of sufficient duration or influence to publicize discussion beyond the scope above indicated. The result is that the increasing numbers of symphonically-conscious auditors, together with their non-professional forebears, are still prone to form and support their opinions on matters American from sources, and not from personal knowledge and conviction. The only sources of any wide or immediate accessibility are the articles by the music critics and other departmental correspondents, which are apt to be far from scientifically sound.

What has this situation done to American music? It has fostered, consciously or not, a general muddle which is practically without parallel the world over. In every European nation that has made definite contributions to musical progress, there are equally definite norms of both criticism and appreciation which have no analogue here. In the German nations, for example, the vortex of modernistic activity which has brought public attention to their Bergs, Habas, Kreneks, Hindemiths and others has never for a moment lessened the attention devoted to the works of either classicists or later transitional heroes such as Richard Strauss. In France, the notorious (?) "Six" were outstripped by the superabundance of propaganda accorded their first manifestations; Tailleferre, Milhaud, Roussel and others eventually secured whatever respect they were able to arouse, and no more; but "Samson" and "Louise" continue at the Opéra, and Berlioz, Franck, Dukas, Debussy, Magnard, Schmitt have lost nothing by neglect, nor has Ravel in any sense curtailed his activity. In Italy, Malipiero, the highest-touted modernist of the 1918-1925 period, has receded into calm step with his more distinguished colleagues, Casella, Respighi, Pick-Mangiagalli, Pizzetti, Tommasini, etc., while interest in the apparently deathless school of romantic opera survives there unabated. And despite Stravinsky and the interesting new school of Russian symphonists, Rimsky, Borodin, Balakirev, Moussorgsky and the rest are far from moribund even if political absurdities have barred Rachmaninov and are talking of suppressing Tschaikowsky. To sum up, these nations in building up an accumulation of music over several years and periods, have never lost sight of perspective, nor torn down their older monuments while raising up their Archipenkos. In America, however, there has been scarcely any logical integration of its orchestral music since Paine appeared with "Œdipus Tyrannus." I propose to show exactly why this is the case and how such integration may be constructed.

One of the worst obstacles to such integration is the accepted cliché that the youth of the United States as a nation precludes the probability of substantial musical progress and excuses the amount of deficiency in quality. This is a fallacy. That national autonomy must be of considerable duration before a nation's art can take shape and grow remains unproved: as to America, for the reason that the personnel of the settlers of the country doubtless included a type of human being who would necessarily under any sort of civilization make some material sacrifice to create emotionally or mentally; as to so-called older civilizations, there is plenty of evidence that musical art accompanied in definite proportion all the material and social activity which any such civilization's progress made necessary. We have only to refer to Greece, Rome, China or Africa among old civilizations and to Italy, France and even England of the more modern: languages, sociological study, instrumental history as written by Cecil Forsyth and others and even the diversions of their materialists as reported by historians, all prove the concurrence of musical progress with other cultural characteristics.

With respect to the United States, it is indeed true that the nation showed very little musical talent or progress, compared with Europe, until its material expansion entered upon the final stages of industrial exploitation and conquest. This is due, however, not to the aforementioned cliché, but to solely one item: namely, that from pre-Revolutionary days to at least one hundred years after the formation of the republic, its predominating social ideals have been materialistic,

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resulting in the devotion of negligible recognition to the artistic side of life. It is notorious that no United States President or high government official has ever been distinguished as a patron of music or musicians. One has only to refer to Ludwig of Bavaria re Wagner, Franz Josef of Austria re Bruckner, and William II of Germany re Richard Strauss, to realize the cultural predilections of some European rulers. In monarchies, the rulers appear to have stimulated culture. In democracies, they are obviously afraid of it. The people imitate their rulers.

We flatter ourselves that all that is changed now, that we are the cultural Mecca of the world because of our acquisitions. But it should be pointed out that in acquiring and admiring the trans-Atlantic musical culture, we have lived in and absorbed it wholesale as fast as it developed and reached us, and in only a few instances of importance refused to accept its chronological significance, by which I mean refused to cherish and repeat all its salient works no matter of what period. As far as our own music goes, however, we do not even allow it any orderly life. Concerning our classics (e.g., Chadwick, Foote, Paine, MacDowell) we maintain for the most part a myopic indifference; I seriously question if any of their orchestral works would be played at all except that a few of our practising conductors are old enough to have been the friends or contemporaries of some of them. The current activity of the present-day orchestral composer would be as often as not totally unnoticed did he not spend half his time importuning conductors. What is the reason for this? Lack of demand. Who should create a demand? Largely the critics, who as previously outlined have the space and the distributive machinery to exert the widest influence. Why do they not do it? Because (1) their operations are hampered by having to be primarily reporters and by at least a modicum of overrespect for established institutions, and because (2) their analytic powers-at-large are too dependent on generalities and clichés—which is to say, they are deficient. What is the remedy? I endeavor to supply it by means of the integration I promised.

In the output of every nation whose music has acquired orchestral significance, there is a definite transition process. Found this on Bach and Beethoven if you will, or on Palestrina and Scarlatti. The result is the same. A table is apposite and without claiming completeness may simplify matters:

	CLASSIC	ROMANTIC	TRANSITIONAL	"MODERN"
German	Bach Handel Haydn Beethoven Mozart Dittersdorf	Mendelssohn Schubert Schumann Brahms Raff Goetz Wagner Liszt Bruckner Weber Dvorak Spohr	Mahler Strauss Bischoff	Schoenberg Hindemith Korngold Schreker
French	Lully Rameau Couperin Gretry Cherubini	Saint-Saens Berlioz Godard Chabrier Charpentier Franck d'Indy Bizet	Debussy Dukas Magnard Ravel Roger-Ducasse, etc.	Satie Tailleferre Milhaud Schmitt Roussel Poulenc, etc.
Italian	Palestrina Monteverde Scarlatti Sgambati Corelli	Operatic school from Bellini to Puccini	Tommasini De Sabata Pizzetti Respighi	Malipiero Respighi Pick-Mangiagalli Casella, etc.
Russian	Glinka Rubinstein	Tschaikowsky Rachmaninov Rimsky-Korsakov Borodin Cui Balakirev Moussorgsky Glazounov Kallinnikov Liadov	(No great distinction in Russian music, so two latter classifications may be combined.) Stravinsky Miaskowsky Krein Shostakowicz, etc.	
British	Purcell Byrd, etc.	Stanford Sullivan Holbrooke Cowen Coleridge-Taylor	Delius Bax Goosens Bridge V. Williams	Holst Berners, etc.

Anyone can do it, changing the classification where it is susceptible of improvement, at leisure. By a similar method, an American table might be disposed as follows:

CLASSIC	ROMANTIC	TRANSITIONAL	"MODERN"
Paine	Foote	Converse	Ruggles
Chadwick	Macdowell	Hadley	Wagenaar
Foote	Chadwick	Bloch	Bennett
Strong	Strong	Mason	Varese
Parker	Powell	Wagenaar	Copland
	Parker	McKinley	Shepherd
	Mason	Shepherd	Ornstein
	Hadley	Hanson	Berezowsky
	Eichheim	Hill	Ives
	Stilman-Kelley	Taylor	Cowell, etc.
	Mrs. Beach	Schelling	
	Converse	Sowerby	
	Goldmark	Jacobi	
	Gilbert	Gruenberg	
		Loeffler	
		Gilbert	
		Griffes	

This method of classification is, I maintain, a useful step toward orientation of American orchestral music. While not insisting on its literal acceptance (conceivably it bears the seeds of controversy), it at least shows the way to separating different styles, and if followed in theory summarily terminates the yet prevailing habit of lumping American composers all together in one meaningless geographical category. It legitimizes their different antecedents and intent. It permits, as a concession to their often forced dependence on European styles (the result of having had to imitate those styles in order to be considered at all), the inclusion of one man in more than one category when he has obviously undergone changes in his style, or development—as is borne out by the table. It makes possible the eventual liquidation of the present shal-

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lowness which excessively glorifies the debatably-important "modernists" to the exaggerated disparagement of the old. It ends the injustice of comparing the work of an "ultra-modern" to that of a "romantic" as if that were any basis for determining measure of excellence. Such a definite reference source if generally accepted will considerably clarify critical discussion and therefore eventually influence the concert-going public toward the forming of sounder judgments.

Now, the reader will ask, how to apply this remedy? My answer is ready. When American works appear on American orchestral programs, let the critics adopt a scientific attitude. When advance comment is timely or advisable, let them devote it to a resumé of the previous work of the composer and, if they have sufficient space, to an analysis of it, not omitting frankly to state the already discernible nearness to or remoteness from definite artistic accomplishment. After the concert, let them devote a reasonable amount of space to the new work no matter what their personal reaction has been, stating to what extent the composer confirmed his previous mastery or ineptness, or how he may have deviated from it for better or worse. Let them correlate the important desiderata, such as the chronological order in the man's work, and temper their pronouncements with competent disquisition as to his sources both musical and intellectual, not failing to base any aesthetic promulgations on accepted principles of design. Let them cease confounding an eclectic temperament with originality, mechanical competence with organizing power. Let them not forget, as they constantly do amid surrender to exuberant prosody, that in order to deserve approval any orchestral work must display intra-mural balance, embracing form, presentation of material, and inventive ingenuity. Let them become aware, as scarcely any ever seem to be, of the fact that a work may be diffuse and introspective and yet possess form, while it may be both and possess no form, and how to distinguish the difference. Let them discount the sort of program-notes, furnished by composers, which are analogous to leading questions and are evidently designed to let poor music down as easily as possible, or which make a bid for special pleading on a patriotic or otherwise cliché basis. Let them dissociate all such devices to "sell" the music from the music itself.

Above all, let it be deemed rigidly requisite that every critic be ready to justify with definite analysis any generalities employed by him, so that blanket allusions to the "autonomous art" of this or that much-disputed "genius" shall not stalk abroad to mislead the undecided, lacking at least an attempt at detailed substantiation. Let it be another duty to be informed as well as possible, even at the cost of social unpopularity, as to the political situation between certain composers and conductors and not to quail at making discomfiting disclosures when justice demands that they be made; and as much of a duty to support all composers of promise who, so far as can be ascertained after diligent inquiry, are "going it alone" on their musical merit—in their lifetime be it said, not after death or oblivion. And I might rest with the adjuration that the critic abandon the custom of deprecating American works by mere comparison to European prototypes and consider them as entities—to be judged on intrinsic qualities.

By a vigorous weeding-out of all musical writers who will not or cannot be made to conform to standards of this description, the musical press could eventually come to set some standards worth following in this situation, as they certainly do not do now. Of course some of the requirements here suggested would necessitate a highly comprehensive equipment on the part of a critic, not to speak of the special labor and time involved in living up to it. But no one unpossessed of so much knowledge, or the way to it, should be permitted to hold the position of critic. Music, like all art, is considerably more than news; and the fact that it has at present, outside of professional circles, little more than news value, should not be allowed to continue.

With critics possessed of such equipment, a sounder estimate of the entire American music-field could take form at no great distance. It would be helpful if the problem could be aided in its solution by the conductors. This however is manifestly impossible under the present state of affairs, except a discouragingly long time be allowed. Even then I doubt the probability of success, for conductors are notorious hobby-riders, even worse than critics on occasion; and with a few notable exceptions, despite a pretense of formal fairness, are unbearably reluctant to exert themselves with any celerity, or come to the point. Scores are sent out, and have to be written for, months later; secretaries who on occasion are virtual bounders or butlers, maintain impregnable defenses against all whom they are not politically or socially compelled to see. Politicians are not in it with conductors for devious and ingenious methods of dodging issues. But in spite of this there exists now a fairly-well-launched movement to recognize the contemporary "modern" American; so that when the general superficiality that characterizes the bulk of his output has reaped the reward of ultimate indifference, more of the attention due his badly-neglected forebears may materialize. It is nauseous to reflect that Chadwick's "Noel" was until this summer unheard in New York from as far back as Muck's day, as can be proved; as it is equally repellent to realize that the infrequent concerts of Henry Hadley with the Philharmonic (before 1925) were practically the only occasions that a major New York orchestra ever acknowledged the existence of Henry Gilbert during the same period. Wake up, America! We too have classics! It is time to say that the best work of both these men stamps them as geniuses, and this has actually been hinted in Chadwick's case by one or two "authorities." But, like Griffes, he had to die to have it said of him, and as far as I know it hasn't been said of Gilbert yet. My pronouncement, being only that of a musician, obviously doesn't count.

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HORSES

BY BERNHARD JOHANN TÜTING

"WHAT a change! What a change!" Haarjan's Herm thought. "And all within the last forty years!" The old man was standing in the shade of the apple tree. He laid his heavy hand over his brow and looked toward the road. "They are not coming yet." And he sat down on a beam of the threshing winch. His grey beard moved back and forth as he puffed the blue-white smoke from his long pipe into the late forenoon sunshine. He looked over the golden rye fields. From the red-blooming clover came the humming songs of bees. In Haarjan's house big Jopp from the neighboring farm was playing a waltz on the accordion.

There was to be a wedding today at Haarjan's. Haarjan's first-born son was to be married. Old Haarjan was sitting on the beam of the threshing winch, waiting for the young couple to come home from church. The day reminded him of times gone by. It had all been different. What would Marie say if she could see all this going on today? If it hadn't been for Marie, Herm would never have pulled through. And what would Gerdt Hinnack say and Gerdt Hinnack's wife if they could be here today? God in all His Almightiness, what a change! What a change on Haarjan's place! Gerdt Hinnack and his wife would not have believed it.

"Herm, don't do that," Gerdt Hinnack had said at the time. "If you buy that forsaken land in the firs you will never have enough to live and always too much to die." But Haarjan's Herm wanted land of his own; he wanted to plow his own furrows, and he wanted to have a place for his children and later generations. The land was poor and a long way away from train and church. The train, perhaps, he would never use, but he would have to make his way to church every Sunday.

It was a rare occurrence that any land was sold in this part of the country. The farmers lived for generations and generations on their places. They never sold, so Herm considered himself very lucky when he had a chance to buy. There was nothing on the place, no plow, no houses, not a cow's tail. But Herm wanted land of his own. After he had made the deal he worried, for there was nothing on the place, not a shovel, not a fork, not even a tooth for a harrow, and the money he had saved didn't go very far. Besides that, it was time now to look for a wife. To find the right one was not easy. There was no time to lose because he wanted to move to the firs next spring, and after he had moved he would not have time to look around. He talked to Gerdt Hinnack about it. Herm's parents and grandparents had worked all their lives on Gerdt Hinnack's farm, and Herm had lived there ever since he left school.

"Don't be a fool," Gerdt Hinnack said, "you need more money before you begin in the wilderness. Go to Denmark and dig peat. In the peat season they pay well in Denmark." That did not suit Herm, but it was the best he could do. He went to Denmark. In the fall he came back. He had saved full hundred taler. That was much money. But Herm was not satisfied because of the girl he had met in Denmark. Lina was a healthy girl, blond with blue eyes, and she had been raised on a farm. "Yes," she had said, "I will come." At the time Herm had been very happy, but now he was worried that the girl was not a Catholic. In Denmark he had not thought of that so much. Herm talked to Gerdt Hinnack's wife.

"No, Herm," she said, "married people must have the same religion. I believe in common prayer for married people. And, anyway, later with the children and so on. . . ." He wrote Lina what the Mistress had said. Lina answered, "My love is so great that I will gladly become a Catholic. Then we can live under the firs you talked of so often." God in all His Almightiness, to become a Catholic because of love, that is love! But Gerdt Hinnack's wife did not like that either. "She can never be a real Catholic," she said. The girl would feel differently about it later. It would make her unhappy. It would never work out. "And, Herm, why marry a Danish girl? There are so many fine girls around here, and it would not be fair to bring a girl from far away." Herm did not like to write that to Lina, but it had to be done. "It is better to run through a fire than to lie down in it," he wrote. Lina did not answer. That was the end of Lina from Denmark.

He had to look for another girl. Before he went to Denmark he had often thought of Deter's Alke. The Deters had some land of their own and were well-to-do people. After he knew Alke better he asked her, and she said, "Yes." But when he spoke to Alke's mother, Alke's mother made a long face as three days' rain weather and said in her slow way, "Our Alke is the best girl around here. Our Alke has quite a bit of money too, and all the linen the girl has! I believe she has a very good chance to marry horses. Our Alke is too good, she is, to live in the wilderness. She has a very good chance to marry horses, our Alke has!" Herm took his cane and hat. "All right with me. You marry horses!" And Alke had not even married cows.

Alke would never have been the right girl for him anyway. "Have you ever thought of Kleinen Marie?" Gerdt Hinnack's wife asked after the Alke affair. "Kleinen Marie has been working for seven years at the same place." Herm talked to Marie for the first time at the dance in the village, then later went over to see her on Sunday afternoons. He asked her, "Marie, would you say 'yes' if I asked you to marry me?" Marie did not answer. Later when they were outside he asked her again. "Marie," he said, "you know I need a wife soon. Will you marry me?" "Yes, Herm," she said. Marie had heard about Herm's plans. They figured their savings together. It would be difficult. There was nothing on the place, and then later with the children and so on. . . . "Children don't make poor," Marie said.

Herm began clearing the land and built a small house under the firs. Every Sunday afternoon Marie walked all the way over to see the house. One Sunday when he saw her coming, he lit some heather in the stove, and the smoke came out of the chimney. Marie liked that. "Herm! Herm!" she said. She never talked much. A few weeks later Pastor Brickredde gave the young people together. Gerdt Hinnack brought them a cow and a plow. Marie brought a cow too, and the linen her mother had left to her. Marie's brother gave twenty-five chickens and a big rooster. On the wedding day Gerdt Hinnack's oldest son and a neighbor boy fed the chickens bread soaked in whisky and the flock had a holiday too.

In the spring he hitched the cows to the plow. But when the harvest came Herm had to go to war. The Prussians and the French never could get their noses full. Damn!

She cried when he left.

"Marie, if it is a boy, I guess you name him Gerdt Hinnack. Gerdt Hinnack has always been good to us." "Yes, Gerdt Hinnack," she said. On the way to the train he stopped at Gerdt Hinnack's. "Don't worry," Gerdt Hinnack said. "Hide your head behind every molehill you can find." Herm talked to Gerdt Hinnack's wife about Marie. That was the worst of it, that he had to leave her *now*.

About Christmas he heard from Marie. It was a little Gerdt Hinnack. Winter passed and spring and summer passed, and in the fall Herm came home. The boy had his teeth. The next year the second boy came. Herm wanted to name him George,

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but Marie did not want to. Marie wanted the boy to have his father's name, Herm; so they named him Herm. Marie always found time to help the boys with their lessons. "I believe in learning," she said. "Nobody can take away from you what you know," she said. When the older was sixteen Marie wanted him to go to an agricultural school. It was not at all easy, but Marie was right, children don't make poor. Later she wanted her son Herm to study too. She wanted him to be a priest.

When Gerdt came home from the agricultural school he knew all about it, about fertilizer and so on, and he knew all about modern farming. From that time the grain grew better and better, and so did the potatoes. With fertilizer, even clover grew on the place. Herm had often dreamt of having a horse, but now he thought of it often. There was enough fodder and anyway a horse on the place. . . . He did not talk about it for people would say, "Look at him now!" So Herm did not talk about it. But soon the boy wanted a horse. "We need a horse," he said, "that is what we need," he said, "a horse. The cows can't give milk when they have to do the field work, and anyway. . . ." Marie thought so too. When market day came Herm and his boy went to look for a horse. That morning Marie went to Mass, so that they might make a good bargain; and they did make a good bargain. "Haarjan, this is a good one for you," Hamburger said when he saw Herm looking at the black one standing fourth in line. "It really is too good to be sold." Hamburger was a very fine talker. Two hundred taler, he asked. But Herm would not pay more than a hundred fifty. They agreed on a hundred eighty taler.

Now they had a horse at Haarjan's, a black one with a white hind foot, and hair it had—as fine as a mole's fur. "Herm, Herm," Gerdt Hinnack said, "I would never have believed it!" That was shortly before he died. Old Gerdt Hinnack had always been good to Haarjan, and after him they had named their first son, Haarjan's Gerdt Hinnack, people called him. Haarjan's Gerdt Hinnack hitched the horse and the cow to the plow. The next year a second horse came. It was a black one too. Marie liked to see her boy coming home with the team. It paid to have a team of horses at Haarjan's. The field work did not take so much time. The rye grew man high, and had ears as long and round as a cat's tail. Then a mowing machine came and a separator for the milk. The big farmers came from miles around and looked at Haarjan's fields. The boy had to tell them how he did it. Marie liked that very much. The farmers' wives asked her about feeding the cows, and how she made them such good milkers. Marie liked that.

One summer night lightning struck the house. It was the best thing that could have happened, for now they built a real house. The other had only been a hut. It was a very wet fall, and the walls were not dry when they moved in. Perhaps the dampness in the walls caused Marie's illness. She died. Only fifty-three years old. The year after, her son Herm was ordained a priest. Marie had been waiting for that day to come, but the Lord had planned differently.

Today Herm, "Haarjan's priest," people called him, was giving the young couple together, Haarjan's Gerdt Hinnack and Klumpken's Settken. Settken came from a very good and well-to-do family and her father had given his daughter a brand new carriage as part of the dowry. "Oh, oh, what a change!"

Haarjan's Herm arose from the beam of the threshing winch. He laid his heavy hand over his brow and looked down the road. They were coming! Now they were coming! A brand new wagon, and horses as sleek as an eel, and harnesses as sparkling as if they were made for Napoleon! What a change, what a change! If only Marie were here now!

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT

By PADRAIC COLUM

EVERYBODY writes memoirs, but only one man of our time has been able to write memoirs that have an heroic vein and an epic scope. That man was Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. "My Diaries 1880 to 1914," published ten years ago (New York: Alfred Knopf), have the multiplicity of interest with a conviction about human liberty that make them epical and heroic. "My Diaries" are a later chapter of a great volume which includes "India under Ripon," "With Cromer in Egypt" and "The Land War in Ireland." These memoirs did not end in 1914. The diaries dealing with the origins and conduct of the war, written when he was getting on to eighty years of age, are to be given publication.

Wilfrid Scawen Blunt was born into the world of those able and cultivated men who are permitted to exercise their gifts of governing on condition that they do nothing to shock the money-owners. Byron said "I hate the oppressors and tramplers of mankind," and Byron had the advantage of knowing who the oppressors and tramplers were. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt knew them, too; this knowledge gives reality to the writing in his volumes of memoirs. An Englishman of aristocratic family and Catholic stock, he strove for the liberation of the people of Egypt and the people of Ireland—for the self-determination of the Moslem world which he thought could be achieved by an untrammeled Egypt and for the ending of the English domination of Ireland.

"The Land War in Ireland" is in an heroic vein. Into it Wilfrid Scawen Blunt put his passionate understanding of national feeling, his sympathy with defeat, his enthusiasm for whatever favored national liberation. The words of an Irish bishop so much move him that he dwells upon them till they become the theme of his history. "In the afternoon the bishop took me driving to see the site of Aughrim, the last battle fought by the Irish against William of Orange. 'They call it the last battle,' he said, as we stood on the rising ground looking over the plain, 'but this is not true, for the battle has gone on ever since. Look at these great grass fields, empty for miles and miles away; every one of them contained once its little house, its potato ground, and its patch of oats. I remember many of them myself, with the happy souls who lived in them, and where are they now?'" The battle goes on, Wilfrid Scawen Blunt realizes, for the people strive for the reconquest of their soil; it is this striving that gives significance to the land war in Ireland.

I remember him in Arab dress—hanging black robes with some gold embroidery upon them. He was in his seventies then, with massive stooped shoulders—a figure that made me think that I had never seen so kingly-looking a man. His eyes were friendly and he had quiet and humorous speech. Because he was now a lonely watcher, a solitary aider of those who, in many lands, made resistance to the rule of the soldier, the diplomat and the banker, there was detachment in the way he spoke of many great issues. There was frankness, too, in what he said; he had been in the service; he belonged to that caste which has taken an empire for its preserve; his detachment had something in it of the coolness of the professional giving observations and estimates.

Hearing him dispraise the sons of Highland lords who enter the Guards and dissipate their resources in London, I said to him, "You don't like people who are not true to their racial heritage." "I hate 'friendlies,'" he said gruffly. He was sorry to hear of Irish people of that time—the Home Rule era—

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mouthing loyalty to a polity which denied them the right to govern themselves. The Fenian position was the honest and the strong position for the Irish to maintain, he declared. "I have remained a Fenian," he said to me. In Egypt the British had just built a dam across the Nile and the Temple of Philae was being destroyed by the gathering of the water. And it was all because Manchester wanted Egypt to grow more and more cotton. "The *Times* will exhort us to 'a happy Philistinism' and comfort us with the remark that the poor fellaheen will have heavier crops. But it will not tell us that Egypt has begun to import grain for the first time in her history, that fevers come with the rise of the waters, and that already contact with us has brought alcohol into the Moslem villages."

This was in his house in London, in Chapel Street. I saw him later in his house in Sussex, in Newbuildings, after he had left London, never, as he told me, to go back there. The aspect of a deserted house was in the approach to Newbuildings —grasses and flaunting weeds were allowed to grow between the steps of the house, and rabbits in hundreds careered around it. There was a room where a fire blazed on the hearth. The walls of this room showed the bare stone, but on one wall, over the stones, was the brilliant Morris tapestry, "The Annunciation," the design of which is by Burne-Jones. In the dining-room was the table that had been William Morris's. A plate was inserted in the board; it was inscribed with Wilfrid Scawen Blunt's verse praising Morris's companionship and his table-talk.

At Newbuildings there was part of Blunt's famous Arab stud. What beautiful horses were in the stables there! Horses roan and chestnut and cream-colored, horses with delicately shaped necks and eyes of size and beauty! The Sultan of Turkey used to buy horses out of this stud—horses that were better than any to be found now in Arabia. The finest Arab horses were no longer in the desert country, Wilfrid Blunt told me. "The swiftness of the horse," he said, "was an insurance for the Arab—he could escape death on his horse's back. But the rifle has destroyed the effectiveness of that insurance, and the Arab chiefs are no longer interested in keeping up the strain of swiftness."

I had just discovered Lyall's "Poetry of the Pre-Mohammedan Arabs," and I was eager to talk with him about this great Arabian poetry. He praised the pre-Mohammedan fragments. "I have always said," he remarked, "that Mohammedanism spoiled the Arabs." Then after repeating some poetry in Arabic, he said, "Arabic is a language to be shouted across great spaces—a language of the open air and the desert." He had written a play based on one of the Irish heroic stories and it had been produced in Dublin. Yeats had written him that if he had begun to write plays in his thirties he would have had a European reputation as a playwright. I said of this play—"Fand" is its title—that the fact that it was in rhymed verse made it seem non-theatrical to a Dublin audience. He remarked with some humor: "Blank verse is essentially English. I departed from it for the sake of the Celtic theme. Surely rhymed verse comes nearest to Celtic form."

His dream of a Turkey strong enough to stand as the defender of the Moslem world he saw lost in Africa under the Italian attack. He saw one after another of the Asiatic countries being subjugated by a greedy imperialism. It was greed, now more unabashed than ever, that was making the world less free and less lovely than it was fifty years before. Men had less and less passion about liberty. He was glad to hear that there was a revival of the physical force movement in Ireland. "I was never a believer in the union of hearts," he wrote in a letter afterwards. "I want to see Ireland armed and as well armed as she can be."

I saw him making the entries that chronicle the decline of a civilization—the entries that have gone to make his volumes of memoirs. He wrote in pencil, in the clearest and firmest handwriting, propped up in his bed in the mornings. Are they final, the judgments which are in his memoirs—these imperturable judgments of soldiers and priests, writers, statesmen and administrators? Perhaps not. But they are the judgments of a man who has been in many courts and assemblies, and who, through his many faculties, has lived among many kinds of men—as a man of rank, as a man of letters, as a poet, a traveler and a diplomat; they are, above all, the judgments of a man who had it in him to judge boldly. When we read the full volumes of Wilfrid Scawen Blunt's memoirs, we are able to turn from the official cinema of history and look on the improvisations made in country-house and council chambers—at least as regards the countries that were in the British polity.

COMMUNICATIONS

AN INDICTMENT

Vero Beach, Fla.

TO the Editor: I read with considerable interest and some amusement the letter of the Reverend John McCarthy, pastor of the Bridgeton Methodist Church, appearing in your issue of September 16. Your issue of October 7 has just come to my desk and I have read the letters therein appearing from various writers with reference to the letter of Dr. McCarthy.

I am not completely surprised by these letters, but I am somewhat taken aback by them, especially the letter of Mr. Dudley P. Gilbert and that of Reverend Russell Wilbur. These letters do not, in my opinion, evidence the right attitude that should be taken to such communications as that from Pastor McCarthy.

I enter into this argument with some trepidation, but I hope that what I shall say may be of some benefit. To begin with, it seems to me that the one thing that many Catholics seem to overlook and to be totally oblivious of the existence of, is that there does exist in America a Protestant viewpoint which is clearly differentiated from the Catholic viewpoint, and that there are thousands upon thousands of Protestants who cling to this viewpoint with the same degree of good faith and loyalty that Catholics manifest toward theirs. A failure to recognize the existence of this Protestant viewpoint is, in my opinion, the cause for more disagreement and misunderstanding between these two classes of our people than any other one thing. Having been born and reared in a Protestant atmosphere, I am fully acquainted with both viewpoints. There is no question but what Pastor McCarthy is wrong in his statement with reference to Catholic opinion and the priesthood, but Pastor McCarthy is looking at it from a Protestant viewpoint, and if this viewpoint is wrong in so far as it pertains to things Catholic, may I not suggest that we Catholics are at least partially responsible for it. When the Protestant viewpoint is expressed as Pastor McCarthy has expressed it, in my opinion, it should be met with that degree of charity that we, as Christians, are expected to accord to our fellow man. Instead of that, many of us rush into print and answer argument with abuse, which, to my mind, serves no good purpose. Personally, I do not believe that Pastor McCarthy meant any offense by his letter. I think he was sincere in what he said, however wrong he may be, and it is my opinion that the sooner we Catholics recognize the existence of the Protestant viewpoint and the

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sincerity of it, the sooner we will be in a position to have the Catholic viewpoint receive a better hearing and be better understood by those among whom we wish it to be spread.

This brings up the first point of Pastor McCarthy's letter, with which, I must say, I agree, and that is the position of many Catholics with reference to the Eighteenth Amendment. Pastor McCarthy points out that the anti-prohibitionist does not have the official sanction of the Catholic Church and will not get it, and he is right in this as well as when he says that the attacks that have been made by Catholic writers on the Eighteenth Amendment constitute a wrong that has been done to the mind of Roman Catholicism, in America at least.

The letter of Reverend Russell Wilbur, who I assume is a priest, is, in my opinion, clear evidence of the extent to which some Catholics go in their denunciation of the Eighteenth Amendment, and I say this with all respect to the opinion of the writer. But the difficulty seems to me to lie in the fact that the writer of this letter, as well as many other Catholics, fails to realize that to many thousands of sincere Protestants the prohibition law is a tenet of religion, and that they are honestly of the opinion that it not only has been beneficial, but that if given a proper trial it will prove of lasting benefit in the way of temperance in the nation. Are they not just as much entitled to this view as is Father Wilbur or any other Catholic to his, and should we not accord to them the same degree of sincerity in their opinions that we would demand for ourselves? There was a time when I accepted the Protestant viewpoint with reference to prohibition. That day has passed. And may I add that it has also passed with thousands of Protestants, who, like myself, have awakened to the realization of the fact that prohibition has been given a trial and has not proven itself to be the remedy which its sponsors thought it would be as a cure for intemperance and as a check to the spread of alcoholism. Personally, I feel that the time has come when right-thinking men must recognize the failure of prohibition, and that we must seek some other remedy to cure the evils which I am sure all will agree are the concomitant of the liquor traffic. But the point in which I find myself in disagreement with many Catholics, and especially with the letter of Father Wilbur, lies in the fact that as long as the Eighteenth Amendment is in the constitution and the Volstead Act remains on the statute books, I cannot conceive how any American citizen can contend that it is his duty not to respect them.

These laws are a part of our government, whether right or wrong. They have been upheld by the Supreme Court of the United States and they are entitled to our obedience until they have been repealed. As American citizens, it is our right and privilege to express our disapproval of them and urge their repeal, but as long as they remain on the statute books, I personally hold that it is our bounden duty as American citizens to give them our unqualified obedience and respect. Just so long as Catholics take the position asumed by Father Wilbur in his statement that "Catholics and the larger and saner part of mankind everywhere delight in seeing those morally invalid enactments and enforcements resisted and circumvented," just so long is the Catholic viewpoint going to receive a cold reception at the hands of honest and sincere-minded Protestants who believe that this is a stab at the foundation of American government. I have every respect in the world for the opinion of Father Wilbur, although I do not know him, but I have never seen any statement in print that caused me any greater pain than the concluding paragraph of his letter quoted above. I do not believe that he senses or interprets correctly Catholic thought in this country when he says that they delight in seeing the Eighteenth Amendment resisted and circumvented. His statement is so sweeping as to include all Catholics within it, and I wish emphatically to state, as a very humble member of the Church, that I do not, cannot, have never and will never subscribe to any such proposition.

As a lawyer I can and do recognize the distinction between those things which are *mala in se* and those which are merely *mala prohibita*. Of course, I would not pretend to enter into the field of theology, but I can realize that the prohibition law is not entitled to respect as a divine law, because it is not such, but on the other hand I contend that, being *mala prohibita* and having been enacted, whether right or wrong, by the American people and having been upheld by the Supreme Court of the United States, obedience to it and respect for it as long as it remains on the statute books are indicia of good citizenship. Until we can realize the existence of the Protestant viewpoint and of our duty to observe the prohibition law as long as it remains on the statute books, and can meet the expression of the Protestant viewpoint with that degree of Christian charity which we should evidence to all men, we should not complain if the Catholic viewpoint is not understood by so many of our Protestant brethren.

JAMES T. VOCELLE.

Clark, S. D.

TO the Editor: It seems to me, a mere convert and a humble housewife, that there is a deal of the stuff that the unspeakable Communist is made of in the Reverend Russell Wilbur himself. The Bolshevik, too, belongs to that "larger and saner part of mankind" cited by Father Wilbur, those who feel that "enactments and enforcements" which they believe to be all wrong are "morally invalid." One supposedly sinister feature of Communism is, if I may be excused for thus borrowing and applying Father Wilbur's own phraseology, its malicious delight in seeing those morally invalid enactments and enforcements "resisted and circumvented." Surely if such a spirit is a sinister thing in the Communist, it is no less so in the Catholic. For even a Catholic can be mistaken both as to facts and in attitudes.

Since it is frequently true that "new occasions teach new duties" and "time makes ancient good uncouth," is it not barely possible that in this machine age brain-muddling beverages can no longer be classed, in agreement with Father Wilbur, as "usages in themselves licit"? There is such an uncomfortably intimate connection between the muscular reflexes of even a moderate drinker and the steering gear of a high-powered car! And if the moderate drinker is young, he is in the process of ascertaining through experience just where, for him, the boundary limit between moderation and excess lies. A little child, a pedestrian or a fellow motorist may have to help him acquire his experience and the result may be a bad scare only, or it may be—manslaughter. Alcohol no longer spells tragedy, potential or actual, to the user's family alone, but to the community as well.

Surely if Saint Paul could, for the great cause, so cheerfully elect to limit and adapt himself to a vegetarian diet to avoid scandalizing others, twentieth-century Christians should be swift to sacrifice one of life's little luxuries—an anciently pleasurable physical indulgence but not a true necessity of life—to avoid not only scandalizing the weak but jeopardizing the safety of society in general. Nor would such sacrifice, in the light of these words of our dear Lord, Himself, seem to be a counsel of perfection: "It must needs be that scandals come: but nevertheless wo to that man by whom the scandal cometh."

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Father Wilbur may be mistaken in assuming that the overwhelming majority of Catholics are opposed to prohibition. (I know Catholics who have permitted and encouraged their children to join the L. T. L., the junior society of the W. C. T. U., and I know of a Catholic woman in a neighboring town who is president of the W. C. T. U. there.) But even if he is entirely correct, may this fact not be due in large measure to the influence and example of clergymen who do not believe in prohibition for the nation primarily because they do not believe in total abstinence for themselves? If those clergymen who, writing in *America* and elsewhere, are wont to wax all-but-poetic over the brimming cup as a creature of God, are also active workers in the movement within the Church for the promotion of total abstinence, then their disapproval of prohibition and their pointed references to the "noble experiment" may arise from the regions of cool judgment in which prohibition as a means to the end is weighed and found wanting, and not from the regions of that "wisdom of the flesh" which, says Saint Paul, "is death . . . an enemy of God."

As for Kathleen Norris, she, I suspect, has probably brought more people to a realization of the truth of the Catholic Church than anyone of her generation in America save, possibly, Father Scott. I find it difficult, in my own case, to decide which was the more potent initial influence.

CLARA EXLINE BOCKOVEN.

Tiffin, Ohio.

TO the Editor: If your magazine continues "toadying to Methodist vilifiers of Catholicism," I, for one, shall not buy it from the news agent.

It should not require the sinister methods of the ingrate to create the impression of your liberalism. Is it not too bad to see THE COMMONWEAL playing the sordid drama of McCarthy, Heflin and Cannon?

We shall always find the smug modern Scribe and Pharisee close to the weak-kneed brethren, generally found among the critical highbrows.

HARRY A. MCPOLIN.

PROHIBITION OMENS

Lenox, Mass.

TO the Editor: I notice in your editorial comment of the issue of THE COMMONWEAL of September 30, a typical misconception of the purpose of prohibition. In your quotation from *America* you evidently agree that liquor was proscribed as an "evil in itself." This, it cannot be too emphatically stated, is not the position of intelligent supporters of prohibition and was not the reason for the passage of the prohibition law. Neither, as the quotation implies, was prohibition passed to make anyone moral. If this were its philosophy, prohibition would lose many supporters. Prohibition was passed because those who were responsible for its passage looked on liquor as a *social* evil. It was passed not to make the workingman moral but to give him an environment in which it was easier to be moral; and more especially, it was passed to give the workingman's family a better chance to receive the benefit of his earnings. This, despite its many shortcomings, it certainly has accomplished, which social workers who have experienced conditions both before and after prohibition testify. Of these Miss Jane Addams of Chicago is only one.

It is the persistent practice of the wet press either to misrepresent the dry cause or to quote the arguments of the shallower thinkers among its advocates. These straw men it is easy to demolish, and also their demolition is accompanied with a certain measure of success for the wets if it is their object to overturn prohibition by any methods at all which are available. The ordinary reader is ready to be influenced by any argument which seems plausible on its surface.

May I appeal to your desire for getting at the real truth of the matter in suggesting that you will find sounder reasoning in favor of prohibition in such a periodical as the *Christian Century,* or in the statements of such organizations as the Federal Council of Churches and the Allied Forces for Prohibition.

WALTER H. CLARK.

PURSUIT OF PAIN

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

TO the Editor: In reading your "Pursuit of Pain" in the Week by Week comment for September 23, your "wonder how such minds [that are saturated by sex] may be penetrated by compensating . . . ideas for their own salvation," brought back a sad incident of several years ago.

I was called to attend a dying man. One look at the scarred body and the flat, vapid eyes told his trouble, in telling his consecration over the years to body-indulgence. I tried to shift his thought to God and a world to come. In vain. I tried to picture the wasted years—what you call so aptly the "pursuit of pain"—asking if he didn't want something better in a world staring so starkly at him now. The only response was a peculiar simpleton smile, as he said: "Gee, Father, you can say what you want, but through it all I had a h—— of a good time."

It does seem that when a man's spiritual light has been sex-extinguished, it is practically impossible to kindle the divine flame again. I wonder is sex-infection ever "self-sterilizing"?

SACERDOS.

HEROD AND THE INNOCENTS

Peterborough, Ontario.

TO the Editor: Your journal comes to our public library and is highly prized. In picking up an old number (August 19) it struck me as odd that you should discuss the physical side of men's customs (automobiles, etc.) as if such things were an unnecessary cause of death and destruction. You never refer to the fact that creation itself is the great juggernaut.

All of which to my poor mind, and I should think to that of many others, suggests that the mixing of such a colossal fact as the continued integrity of the Catholic Church and the physical side of human affairs is a mistake. Striving to match the spiritual ideal of Christ with a perfect world is illogical, since men are not Christs but merely men.

I can readily comprehend and appreciate the Church as the interpreter, the human medium of God's ways to man, but this confounding of the two beats me.

J. H. BURNHAM.

CAN YOU ANSWER?

St. Louis, Mo.

TO the Editor: I would be grateful and her brother would be still more grateful if you would allow us to use your columns to ask for the whereabouts of one Margaret Wilhelm born in Munich, Germany, in 1870, who joined some order of Sisters in Philadelphia during the years between 1892-1893 or thereabouts. This is all we know.

Her brother who has been separated from her since early childhood wishes above all to have news of her and if possible communication with her. *Nunc advesperascit.*

REV. RUSSELL WILBUR.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Lean Harvest

THERE is considerable distinction in the writing of "Lean Harvest," and equal distinction in the acting. There is, to be sure, nothing astonishingly new in the theme of the play —the mental, moral and physical erosions often caused by the egotistical pursuit of wealth—but there is at least a good measure of truth in it. We must thank its author, Ronald Jeans, for not attempting to turn common-sense values upside down in a search for novelty. He does fail, however, through not rounding out his theme and providing its exposition with enough contrast to establish a full sense of reality and proportion. His premise and conclusion are worked out a trifle too neatly. His characters respond too automatically to the situations created for them. There is too much geometry and too little life in the workings out of the plot. But these are relatively minor faults in a season such as this.

The last attempt, prior to "Lean Harvest," to show the devastating poverty of the pursuit of wealth was a flamboyant affair by Channing Pollock, in which the flesh-pots were largely mixed up with the money-pots. "Lean Harvest" is not that type of play. It is a thoroughly serious study of character, well modulated, carefully thought out and fully developed within its own rather narrow limits. In the next to the last scene, it turns suddenly and disconcertingly from objective into subjective and impressionistic drama, and does so in an awkward fashion that largely destroys the mood and the illusion so carefully built up. But this is only a momentary lapse into anything approaching the clumsy symbolism of the Pollock play.

"Lean Harvest" tells the story of Nigel Trent through eleven years, from the moment when he breaks his engagement to a girl who is too easily satisfied with modest poverty to the moment when he dies from an apoplectic stroke amid the gaudy surroundings of his rapidly amassed fortune. During this period, he marries an aggressive beauty who shares his ambitions of progress, and gives her all that money can provide, but neglects to give her, save on rare occasions, the personal devotion she also craves. He allows the money chase to absorb his every last ounce of energy. He lives just long enough to hear his wife tell him calmly that she is going off with another man. In the end, his entire fortune is inherited by his brother who, ironically enough, has married the girl whom Nigel jilted.

In telling this story, Ronald Jeans has avoided certain obvious and crude mistakes. He shows us the wretchedly impoverished life of Nigel's brother, with all its humiliations and all its nervous irritability, as if to say that neither poverty nor wealth can harvest happiness unless supported by inner strength. The trouble is that he does not carry through this idea to a well-rounded conclusion. He shows us only the failures and the weaklings and those who cannot find within themselves, either in poverty or in wealth, the materials for contentment. He even goes so far in the last scene as to hint that Nigel's brother, once possessed of wealth, will make the same mistakes as Nigel himself. It is this insistence on a thesis, and the twisting of all characters to fit that thesis, which give the feeling of too much geometry and too little of the variety and rich complexity of life as we know it. If even one important character in the play showed the ability to adapt squarely to realities and to extract from them a measure of sane contentment, the picture would have better balance. The nearest approach to such a character is a floundering young man who spends ten years in futile devotion to Nigel's wife. He at least is prepared to accept the inevitable and to make the most of it. But when Celia Trent finally decides to leave her husband, it is this man whom she goes off with, so that the sympathy built up for him evaporates in the moment that he placidly accepts this worthless compromise.

A predominantly English cast selected for this play by Messrs. Macgowan and Reed does a most excellent job with Ronald Jeans's material. Leslie Banks, abandoning much of that close-clipped reserve which mars the work of so many English actors, gives fine variety, petulance, anger and remorseful tenderness to the part of Nigel Trent. He plainly indicates the neurotic compulsion and egotism underlying Nigel's relentless plan of life. Leonard Mudie is excellent in the abject mediocrity of the author brother. But it is easily Vera Allen, the American member of the cast, who, as Nigel's ambitious, impetuous and love-starved wife, shares equal honors with Leslie Banks. Miss Allen has made amazing strides since the days when she acted small parts and gave amusing impersonations of Katherine Cornell with the old Neighborhood Playhouse group. Since that time she has had a rigid course of discipline with Miss Bonstelle's famous company in Detroit and in Shakespearean work with Fritz Leiber's touring company. Her excellent diction, her complete poise and her gracious charm are real tributes to the value of hard work and expert coaching with a groundwork of marked talent and clear intelligence. Whatever Miss Allen achieves after this notable reappearance cannot be ascribed to the mere good fortune of personality or native talent. It will be the product of more careful self-discipline than most of our younger actors are willing to undergo.

The production as a whole is smooth and persuasive except for that scene at Nigel's death, when the use of a spotlight and of voices howling from the dark brings in a discordant and unjustified note of subjective phantasy. (At the Forest Theatre.)

The Pillars of Society

FROM a "spoof" of Dion Boucicault's "Streets of New York" to Ibsen's "Pillars of Society" is a long jump, and one which Mr. Langner's New York Repertory Company takes without apparent misgivings. Versatility, however, is all of the essence of the repertory idea, and if this Ibsen production is many stages below the best, we can still afford to make allowances and admit that while distinctly rough and ready, it is by no means without interest.

"The Pillars of Society" is one play in which Ibsen, after the usual harsh and tragic preliminaries, goes completely Pollyanna. His villain reforms, tells the truth about his dark past, and the play ends with the statement that "the spirit of truth and the spirit of freedom are the pillars of society." In fact, it would need only a malicious twist on the part of the actors to make the whole affair seem quite as outlandish and ridiculous as the moralizations and the triumphant virtue of Dion Boucicault.

It would be both prejudiced and unjust to belittle Ibsen's powers as a dramatic craftsman. But as a moralist or philosopher or what you will, he is easily one of the most overrated writers of the last hundred years. In the first place, he is never quite honest. He is always using his characters to illustrate a point, and for that reason is always ready to sacrifice a character to a plot situation. If he has decided that a certain type of man

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is responsible for certain evils in the world, he then proceeds to put that type of man into a play and to make of him a tar-black villain. Consul Bernick in "The Pillars of Society" is just such a man, one of the smooth and moralizing rich whose fortune is based on dishonesty covered up by professions of high public spirit. To be sure, Ibsen permits the inference that Consul Bernick does not realize the depth of his own outrageous actions, that he has fooled himself as well as his fellow townsmen. But if you figure up the balance-sheet and find that he has built up his fortune by letting another man be exiled for a supposed crime, that he has deliberately profited by schemes for community development, and that he is prepared to let an inconvenient person sail on an unsound ship unsoundly repaired in his own shipyards, you can estimate the extent of his blackness. If Ibsen had not decided in advance that he was going to prove the value of truth, he would never have let Consul Bernick reform. He would have seen the dramatic absurdity of having a man ready to commit murder turn about in the space of half an act and become a preacher of copy-book maxims. Naturally, I do not mean for an instant that an honest play of regeneration is not a splendid idea. But I do mean that to be convincing, even dramatically, a play of that sort must, in every minute detail, ring true to our experience of human character. The regeneration must not be accomplished simply by having the dramatist pull a few puppet strings. The ending of "The Pillars of Society" is as absurd as its first scenes are overdrawn and improbable. Consul Bernick begins by being too black to be true and ends by being too white and limpid to be human.

As for the current production, I am beginning to think that the most fortunate thing that ever happened to Mr. Langner's company was the arrival in its midst of Miss Dorothy Gish. The transition from movies back to stage is never easy, and I can readily believe that Miss Gish, like her sister Lilian, must have had many misgivings. But she is rapidly proving that she is an actress of unusual intelligence and resource, with an excellent voice and ample dramatic range and, above all, complete sincerity. Before this season is out, she should have made a profound impression on New York audiences. Moffat Johnston modifies considerably the exaggerations of Bernick's character, and the rest of the company are at least adequate. (At the Forty-eighth Street Theatre.)

A Church Mouse

THE SEASON'S rash of Middle Europe is not yet over. The inevitable Hattons, Frederick and Fanny, have translated, and William A. Brady has produced, a play by Ladislaus Fodor in which one of those Austrian bank presidents with the world at his feet falls in love with a poor and aggressive secretary after the audience has been carried through many phases of bed-room and bar-room discussions about the way in which a woman may make herself physically irresistible to a man. It is all very silly and obvious and trite and manufactured directly for the box-office.

Bert Lytell as the triumphant banker and Ruth Gordon as the mouse of a secretary who, after proper advice, learns how to become attractive, do a job of routine proportions, strictly limited by the cream-puff and perfume atmosphere of the occasion. They speak their lines well and shameslessly, act with due restraint, and finally embrace each other with all the ardor of approaching wedding bells. The real vampire of the occasion is discomfited, and a happy and moral ending is provided for just one more exhibition of lewd talk under Viennese moons. It is all unspeakably tiresome except for about three short scenes which have a certain crisp wit. (At the Playhouse.)

BOOKS

A Magnificent Doctor

The Great Physician: A Short Life of Sir William Osler, by Edith Gittings Reid. New York: Oxford University Press. $3.50.

DR. HARVEY CUSHING'S life of Sir William Osler proved such a striking success that it is not surprising to have another and briefer life written for the benefit of those who are interested in our great American physician and yet feel that they have not the time to devote to Cushing's two-volume biography. Of this shorter life Dr. Cushing has said: "The book is a vivid and delightfully told story."

We are too close to Osler's career as yet to accept without hesitation the formula that he was "the greatest physician of history," but he was undoubtedly the greatest physician of our time and we are prone to think of our generation as the highest in medicine. Osler exerted a marvelous influence over all those with whom he was brought in contact. He left the deep impress of a broadly developed personality on the groups with whom he worked, all of them men of talent far above the average, in Philadelphia, in Montreal, in Baltimore, as well as in England. For generations he will undoubtedly be cited as an example of a great physician and a still greater man.

Osler's life carries with it some very interesting commentaries on certain questions that are of grave interest in our time. He was the youngest son and the eighth child of his mother, a fact that is striking enough at a time when eight children in a family is a great rarity, and when it is often claimed, sometimes vociferously, that the later children of so large a family can scarcely fail but to be feeble in both mind and body because of the strain put upon the mother's vitality by child-bearing. In direct response to this, the Osler family presented a series of individuals who reached distinction, and three or four of whom were looked upon as leaders in their generation in their special vocations. Mrs. Osler, though small of stature and frail-looking, lived to be one hundred years old in the full possession of her faculties until the end, and many of her nine children, including Osler himself, lived beyond the psalmist's limit.

Osler's life in his earlier years gave little promise of the success of his maturity. Like his mother he was thin and low of stature, and the difficult circumstances of his frontier upbringing must have emphasized his apparent delicacy of constitution. He was always a leader in his classes, but was often in trouble at school, was expelled at least once and found himself in jail once because of a trick played on the matron which she resented. In later life he played many practical jokes on his friends. His mother refused to think him malicious and seemed to have been undisturbed in her confidence that he would come out all right, but he must have been a serious trial to her and a source of no little anxiety. All his life he could do an immense amount of work and was an inspiration to the young men around him. No one ever influenced his own generation more deeply.

Few men have had greater happiness and good fortune in life than Osler. But he himself used to quote often, "Call no man happy till his death." The death in the war of his only son Revere saddened him deeply, and when pneumonia weakened him he was ready to go. Twenty-five years before he had delivered one of the Ingersoll lectures on immortality at Harvard and had expressed the feeling that it was our hearts rather than our heads that made us believers in immortality. I remember that Dr. George Gould of Philadelphia

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suggested that Osler had betrayed the profession by not taking a firmer stand on the subject. Now that the end was near he exemplified his own attitude of mind very strikingly. During the last days of his life he wrote on a slip of paper the words, "The harbor almost reached after a splendid voyage with such companions all the way, and my boy waiting for me."

JAMES J. WALSH.

Faith and Social Justice

The Church and Industry, by Spencer Miller, jr., and Joseph F. Fletcher. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.00.

THE RECORD presented in this volume of the effort of the Anglican Church and the Episcopal Church to take a responsible part in the industrial adjustment of modern society and to act as guide and arbiter in labor disputes is of extreme interest, both in its success and in its failure. It has had a considerable measure of both.

Its success in inaugurating juster legislation, softening specific animosities between employer and employee, and the encouragement of certain groups of workmen by the knowledge that they possessed an influential friend, is directly due to the self-sacrifice, courage and organizing ability of the leaders of the movement, from Maurice and Charles Kingsley in England in the middle of the nineteenth century, to the late Bishop Potter and the authors of this book in America.

The movement took slightly different directions in the two countries. Men like Maurice and Canon Holland took a very general view of the case. They worked to arouse a sense of moral responsibility on the part of the whole community that by its pressure should insure better treatment of the helpless laborer. In America the action was rather toward the settlement of specific disputes and the passage of just laws with the interposition of the Church between the warring parties.

In 1899 a pamphlet was issued by the then recently formed Christian Social Union which began: "We believe that political problems are rapidly giving place to the industrial problem which is proving itself more and more to be the question of the hour. It is the condition of industry which is absorbing all attention and all anxieties." A little further on the same pamphlet stated as one of the aims of the Union, "to claim for the Christian law the ultimate authority to rule social practice." Again, when the Industrial Christian Fellowship began its work in 1919, it stated that its first object was "to bring back into the fellowship of the Church the great mass of people who are mainly indifferent but gradually becoming hostile to all forms of organized Christianity."

Measured by these standards, the movement cannot claim to have succeeded. These objects have not been accomplished. While it is absolutely legitimate to claim for the Christian law the ultimate authority to rule social practice, yet it cannot be said that the great mass of indifferent and hostile people, and especially the industrial workers, are being brought back "into the fellowship of the Church." Whether justifiably so or not, the average laborer in both countries seems to have a feeling that the Anglican and Episcopal bodies are more remote from his needs than other churches. In England up to very recent times he has felt more drawn to the evangelical or non-conformist bodies; in that country today and in the United States, when he thinks of allying himself to any religious community, it is rather to the Catholic Church that he inclines.

An explanation of this may be gained from two statements made in this volume. "'One fact is clear, the whole subject is

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NEXT WEEK

GREED AND WORLD DISORDER, by Michael O'Shaughnessy, is a brilliant paper on the dilemmas of our present social distress, the famine in the midst of plenty, the fate of a nation of hundreds of millionaires and millions of citizens who cannot earn a decent living. The facts it presents are earnestly recommended to the attention of all who wish to have a clear and comprehensive picture of the world we live in today, and of the simple yet real basis for its improvement. . . . RAPPROCHEMENT, by Max Jordan, is an interesting and solidly informative analysis of the essentials for economic peace in Europe, if we consider economics at present in the sense that Bergson describes it as "an invisible warfare." Basically the issue is the rapprochement of France and Germany. Mr. Jordan perceives the obstacles, but he also envisages the possibilities for a coöperation which will restore the economy of Europe and largely contribute to the tangible and intangible good fortunes of the world. His facts on the existing large exchange of goods between the two former enemies are very striking. . . . THE CRUSADE AGAINST THE BABY, by Haryot Holt Dey, reviews some of the perils to infants of modern psychology. Libidos and Oedipus complexes, the germicidal perils of kisses, the prejudices of landlords against children, extraordinary diatetical theories, all these things the writer sees militating against a normal babyhood surrounded by affection and a sense of fun. . . . THE MYSTICAL IN POETRY, by Alice Brown, is poetically and mystically delightful, a vision of small, intimate and dear things, and remote and dimly perceived things, all wonderful. In particular, the poetry of AE is considered and what he has called "the windows in the soul through which can be seen images created not by human but by the divine imagination."

international in its scope.'" This is certainly true and by it the Anglican, Episcopal or any church save one (which is international in its scope) is debarred from dealing adequately with the subject. Again, it is said that there has been made "a gallant effort . . . to reorient the Church to the changes of a new world."

In this last statement lies the very crux of the matter. The Church, if it be the true Church, is already eternally oriented to God and to society, it already possesses the faculties for leading and teaching all men in whatever social arrangement they may happen to live. If men have ceased to find in the Church their guide and teacher, it is because they and not the Church have lost their sense of direction and it becomes a question of reorienting the world to the fundamental principles of life which the Church contains. For this office only the Catholic Church is equipped.

R. BURNHAM CLINTON.

Danube Land

Jesse and Maria, by Enrica von Handel-Mazzetti; translated by George N. Shuster. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

THERE are Catholics who will not like some things in this book and there are Protestants who will like it less. If it has a hero he is Jesse von Velderndorff, a Lutheran nobleman in whom religious zeal takes the form of violent fanaticism. The Catholic reader will hate him for the kind of hero he is, and the Protestant reader will hate him for not being the kind of hero he thinks he ought to be. But the truth is that Jesse is a type of his kind in the days that closely followed those of Luther and Gustavus Adolphus in the Danube country, which is the scene of the story. The heroine is Maria Schinnagel, a Catholic wife and mother defending her own—her husband and her faith—against the plottings of the young lord. The whole book is a picture in detail, historically accurate, of the people, the time and the locality. It is sometimes as annoying reading as are parts of Pastor but quite as true, and the truth is not always just what we would wish it to be. The translator claims that the book shows forth "the redemptive value of love." He is quite right. After the narrative of earthly battles and hates comes a flash of divine love that lights the way to quick understanding between two who had fought each other to the death. On the scaffold Jesse is still the fighter but no longer the hater. A sight of one Catholic soul has given him understanding and generosity. Maria, failing in her mission of conversion, yet does not fail in vision. She sees another poor human heart that is much like her own and, for all its mistakes, one to which she can turn with the sympathy of Christian motherhood.

The author is a baroness who, like so many of the old noble families of Austria, lived where the river of grace ran, as strong as their own Danube, through a country steeped in the history and traditions of struggles to overthrow its ancient faith. Only out of such an environment could come a book like "Jesse and Maria," which reflects the beauty of a beautiful land while giving its readers an unwelcome realization of the hard and bitter facts that are part of its history.

The translator is George N. Shuster. As a translator I have no right to judge him, since, not knowing German, I am in no position to compare his work with the original. But I do know that this book reads little like a translation. It is a triumph over its limitations. One knows that the translator had to overcome obstacles, but cannot say just where or what they were. It is seldom that a translation is judged to be as

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good as the original. Without having read the original of "Jesse and Maria" I admire it as a literary production; it looks so happy and at home in its English clothes. I am looking forward with pleasant anticipation to translations of more of the books of this outstanding German writer. These anticipations will be strengthened if I know that Mr. Shuster is to be the one through whose pen they will be presented to English-speaking readers.

FRANCIS C. KELLEY.

Optimism

Modern Civilization on Trial, by C. Delisle Burns. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

IT IS on trial in a friendly court. The author finds himself able to take an amazingly cheerful view of the world as it stands, or as we see it stand, today. Compared to the somber statistics of Gina Lombroso's "Tragedies of Progress," Mr. Burns's volume is sparkling with hope and confidence. He is a modern of moderns—the *dernier cri* of modernity. He can speak lightly of "the absurdity of preparation for wars of defense," as if Germany had never marched her armies through Belgium. He is all for machinery, which is just as well, as we are all in the grasp of machines. He claims not merely that the machine gives to the toiler more leisure, which is manifestly true, but that it gives him "more freedom from routine," which is manifestly absurd. He is able to see in the advertisements of new cereals a proof of progress; and in the ever-increasing scantiness of women's dress a sign and token of education.

Mr. Burns rises to supreme enthusiasm when he contemplates the doctor and the teacher of today. "Modern medicine," he says, "cures the patient, not the disease"; which is perfectly satisfactory so long as it cures that particular patient of that particular disease, which is all that is asked of it. Modern education is, we are told, as efficacious as it is agreeable. The schoolroom is no longer "a place of compulsory instruction, but a community of young and old, engaged in learning by co-operative experiment." "An atmosphere more similar to that of friendship than to that of leadership or guidance is required."

The instructor who engages to teach John Latin must know John as well as he knows Latin. He probably knows him better. It may even be that his intimate knowledge of John is what makes him despair of his task.

Many of Mr. Burns's observations are delicate and enlightening. He says admirably that what Americans lack in their efforts to progress are "serenity, and security of aim." "Europe is strong in its roots, weak in its upper branches. America flourishes upon insecure roots. It has escaped the limitations of the past; but it lacks the sense of direction which comes from the past." It is also plain to his understanding that the hopeless thing about India and China is the injury they do themselves, and give no indication of undoing. Evil customs based upon immemorial tradition fetter their feet. Their representatives talk beautifully and beguilingly; but simple sanitation is worth all the oratory and philosophy of the world when it comes to the lives of the multitude.

There are passages in Mr. Burns's book which call for elucidation. The "mediaeval Christianity" of France and Switzerland is not apparent to all eyes. The comparison between the tyranny of Mussolini and the tyranny of Stalin lacks a sense of proportion. Italy walks a straight line; but as compared to Russia she is a go-as-you-please, do-what-you-like country, "as free as nature first made man"—which was not so very free after all.

AGNES REPPLIER.

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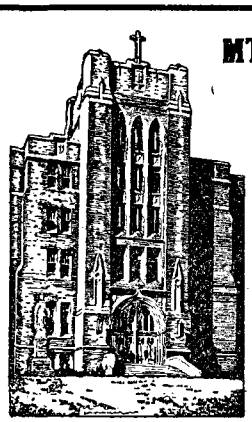
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A Subtle Poet

The Flowering Stone, by George Dillon. New York: The Viking Press. $1.75.

WHEN Mr. Dillon's previous book of poems, "Boy in the Wind," appeared four years ago, it was quickly recognized by that small and, I fear, diminishing number of people who care for good verse. It was surprising to find so much originality in the work of a man who was then only twenty-one. The same admiration, of applause and surprise, may be given to his "Flowering Stone," for he is still very young.

He is too young to tell us any heart-shattering news, though his spiritual experience and his gifts are authentic. His mind, in the interval between his two books, has matured, but it is not so evident that his emotional receptiveness has widened to any great extent. He is less spontaneously lyrical in his second collection than he was in his first, but his intellect has become sharper and subtler.

His technique from the start was highly skilful, though in a somewhat feminine fashion, reminding one in turn of Léonie Adams, Elinor Wylie and Edna St. Vincent Millay. He has not noticeably progressed along these lines, but, if it comes to that, he had no need to do so; he knows his job thoroughly.

His principal need now is to develop the range and depth of his experience. He has intensity, but it is intensity of a somewhat unconvincing kind, one that occupies itself with crises that are hardly among the most important of those a poet could find. He might, it is true, object that his central theme is the importance of the relation of soul and flesh:

> "I have patched up the childish pair
> Submitting such divorce is bad."

If only he had. He is merely aware of the conflict, and irritated by it. He cannot relate his sensations in a satisfactory fashion to his intellect, and consequently cannot master them.

If Mr. Dillon is to some extent akin to the women poets, his tone is in the main masculine, as the sestet of one of his fine series of sonnets, "Address to the Doomed," will show:

> "I thought: May we who venture here be brave
> As never seafarers were brave before,
> So be this vessel worthy of the wave
> She will come proud to the appointed shore.
> Or is the ship already scuttled? Then
> Let the rats scurry—let the men be men."

THEODORE MAYNARD.

Fiction for Pleasure

Albert Grope: The Story of a Belated Victorian, by F. O. Mann. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

MR. F. O. MANN is known to students of the history of English prose fiction as the able editor of the works of Thomas Deloney, that early and energetic "novelist," whose seventeenth-century histories of "Jack of Newbery" and "Thomas of Reading" have received too little attention in the history of English realism. Now Mr. Mann gives us a novel of his own, a novel which has been deservedly chosen as the September choice of the Book League of America and which is claiming many delighted readers both here and in England.

Rarely since the days of Dickens and the later days of De Morgan has a book been stamped on every page with the unmistakable pleasure of its creator. Mr. Mann obviously considered its writing a pleasant task, if task at all; and his own pleasure and enthusiasm become infectious throughout every one of his

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576 pages. Thus the story of Albert Grope is first of all entertaining to the highest possible degree, refreshing just because it possesses no such weighty thing as a thesis or a purpose, satisfying in its leisurely meanderings from one incident to another. And it admits of, even demands, quiet, leisurely reading, can be laid down and picked up at random without any fear either of losing telling threads or of disrespectfully deserting the author in a tense psychological situation.

Like that of Dickens, Mr. Mann's art of characterization is the art of caricature. Blowberry, the bookseller, Mrs. Malley in her incomparable trances, Mr. Squilling and Mr. Bummel, co-ministers of the Chapel of Ancient Truth, Lady Gollaby, Mrs. Gottschalk in her pretentious reminiscences—these are as intriguing and in a less uncluttered age should be as memorable as Mr. Pickwick, the Kenwigses and Mrs. Dombey.

Mr. Mann's style is as excellent as it is unhurried. Indeed, his earlier chapters are models of autobiographical narrative at its best. Perhaps the semblance of truth, of entire reality which he is able to give his book by his employment of the first person, by his meticulous attention to minute detail, and by his exhaustive treatment of incident is injured somewhat by the rather bizarre and incredible character of his very last pages. And yet, even with this possible defect, his book affords untrammeled pleasure, and will surely be read again and again by those who love portraits and incidents heightened by a rare art and existing for themselves alone.

MARY ELLEN CHASE.

Political Trouble

The Political Status of Bessarabia, by Andrei Popovici; introduction by James Brown Scott. Washington, D. C.: Georgetown University.

DR. POPOVICI'S work, which is a revised and enlarged doctoral dissertation presented at the School of Foreign Service of Georgetown University in 1928, discusses one of the most vital questions now existing in Eastern Europe: Can historical rights of possession be discarded in favor of the Wilsonian principle of self-determination of nations as based on the right of revolution? Dr. Popovici in his study, as well as Dr. Scott in his introduction, answers this question in the affirmative.

When one studies the intricate problems connected with the transfer of territories from old to new states in post-war Europe, one finds that the question of Bessarabia has two sides: one based on ethnological considerations, the other on the principle of historical possession. There is no doubt whatsoever that Bessarabia should be Rumanian if one considers the ethnological composition of its population. But could one completely discard the century-long possession of Bessarabia by Russia? Dr. Popovici claims that the transfer of the title to Bessarabia as effected by the Treaty of Bucharest in 1812 between Turkey and Russia is invalid, because through the force of previous treaties between the Danubian provinces, i.e. Rumania, Turkey had no right to alienate Rumanian territory. Moreover, Soviet Russia has discarded the principle of historical possession. Dr. Popovici's arguments for Rumania are supported by the majority of national minorities in Bessarabia, including Russians who would rather be ruled by Rumania than by the Soviets. Therefore, so long as the present régime continues in Russia, the position of Rumania with respect to Bessarabia, guaranteed by the powers, is perfectly secure and even legally unassailable.

Dr. Popovici's work is a scholarly presentation of the question and should be read by every student of post-war Europe.

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Briefer Mention

The Story of English Literature, by Edmund Kemper Broadus. New York: The Macmillan Company. $5.00.

A CANADIAN professor has unearthed a most obliging publisher for a survey of English literature from the beginnings to the close of the nineteenth century. The method, popular in the sense usually coveted by text-books on the subject, has real urbanity and condescending clarity. Nothing is taken for granted. Sometimes the stories of important poems and novels are related, so that even the bother of going to the originals may be dispensed with. Nor does the author waste time on the minor people. The result is a very readable book, particularly suitable for young folk. The printing and the illustrative material are alike very good.

Big-Enough, by Will James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

THIS is essentially the kind of book that will be liked by people that would like this kind of book. That means to say that it should be no reflection on anyone for either enjoying it very much and prizing it highly, or on the other hand, passing it up for other interests. To those who like cowboys, the cow-raising country, and cow ponies, this book will be a delight. Such readers are probably already familiar with Will James through his earlier books about the cow country. His home-spun yarn and cowboy vernacular is the real thing, and his pen and ink drawings of horses in action, are as good as is the text.

Dr. Streeter and the Primitive Church, by the Right Reverend Charles Gore, D.D. Milwaukee: Morehouse Publishing Company. $.25.

CANON B. H. STREETER, whose anti-mechanistic philosophy was brilliantly set forth in "Reality," is of the left wing in theology, and his book, "The Primitive Church," reached the conclusion that the Episcopalian, Presbyterian and Congregational systems could all find justification in the practice of the early Church. In this little pamphlet he is answered by a venerable theologian of his own communion. Bishop Gore occasionally goes farther in his admissions than Catholic theologians would admit, but his learning and balance are unquestionable, and competent biblical students should find much of value in the pamphlet.

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